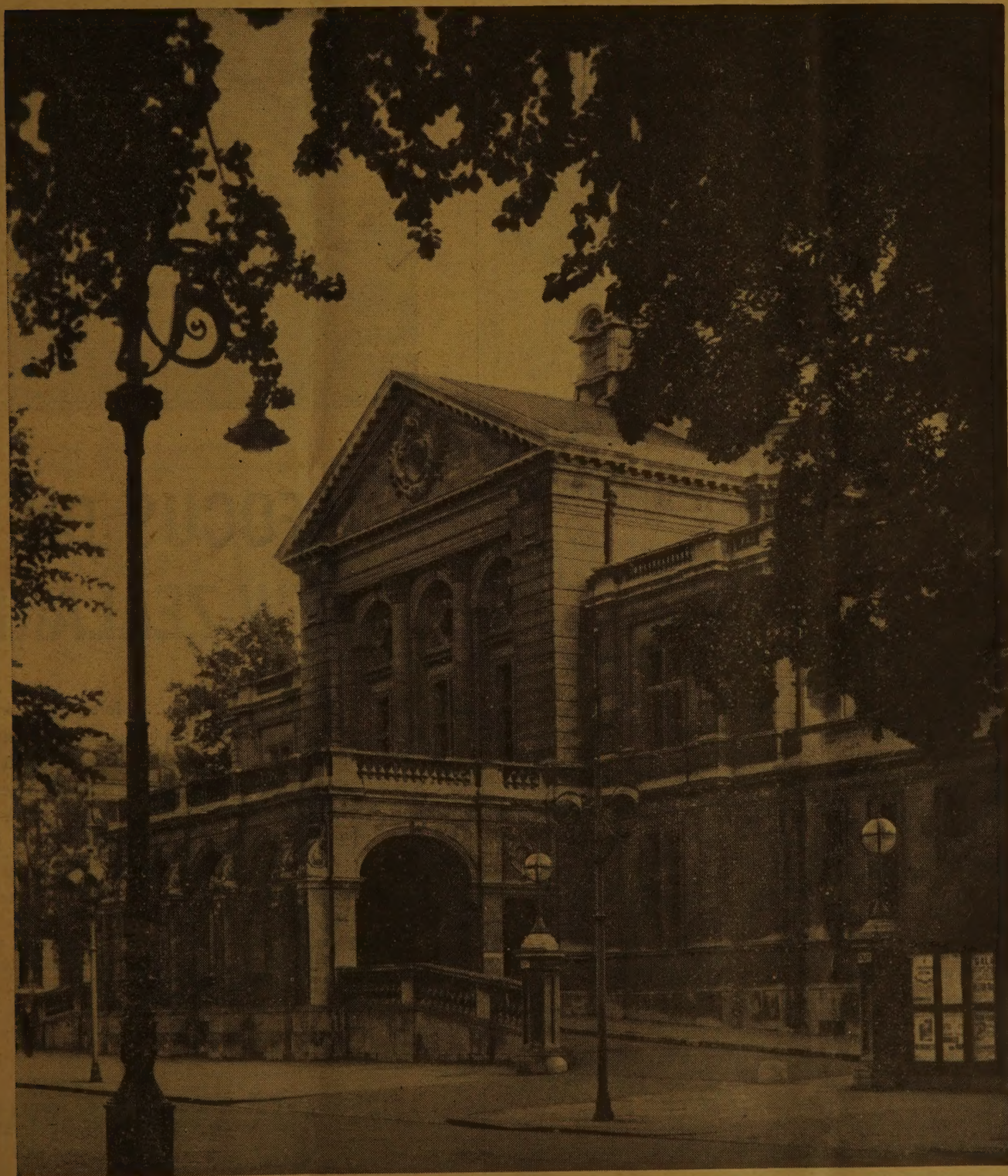


The Listener

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The Town Hall, Cheltenham, where the twelfth Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music opened on July 11

In this number:

The Commonwealth Conference (The Prime Minister)
The Poet in the Imaginary Museum (Donald Davie)
In Defence of the Comprehensive School (Margaret Miles)



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The Commonwealth Conference

By THE PRIME MINISTER, the Rt. Hon. HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P.

TEN countries, 12,000,000 square miles, 655,000,000 people. That is how a statistician might start to describe the Commonwealth countries, whose Prime Ministers, or their representatives, have been meeting in London. No doubt this expert in figures would have gone on to tell us how many races, how many religions, how many cultures, how many languages, how many traditions, were represented round that table. Yet there is more in it than that—a great deal more.

You will not get this out of the *communiqué*. If you have read it all you must have thought it not very exciting. But these meetings are quite different from the sort of international conferences and meetings which you and I know so well: where the main purpose is to make a large number of set speeches and pass a long list of resolutions. I am never quite sure that those conferences achieve very much. But in any case this is not what a Commonwealth meeting is for. The Prime Ministers collected here in London do not make set speeches and do not put out agreed resolutions. Curiously enough, this is a conference where they really do confer; exchange ideas, and in doing so influence each other's attitude to all the great problems of world affairs. For this is a conference of statesmen, representing the members of the Commonwealth—countries conducting their own affairs, in their own way, and yet finding it worth while to meet together and to talk together, as a family.

Yes, really that is the word for it—this was a family meeting: and, as I expect you and I know well, family

meetings can be lively—frank, friendly, vigorous; and not always unanimous. This was just such a meeting. We met as equals; we agreed on some things, disagreed on others, as you would expect. What warmed my heart was that there was such a large measure of agreement, goodwill, and friendly understanding. And this is because with such a variety of tradition, race, religion and history, we all respect the same ideals: individual rights, freedom, democratic government, and international justice.

It was in this spirit that we exchanged ideas on all the great questions of our day. Some of the matters discussed were political, some economic. We discussed disarmament, the Middle East, the Far East, trade, the capital development of the Commonwealth—these were some of the issues which we faced together. We each expressed our own point of view, and we each heard the point of view of others. As a result, each of our countries can develop its own policies on these matters, as is its right, with the full knowledge of what all its Commonwealth partners are thinking. We know each other's minds—and this very fact enables the Commonwealth to do two things, and two important things. To be a great force for good, within its own membership; that is the first: and then, secondly, to make its influence felt in the world.

Some of the Prime Ministers have come to many conferences; they are well-known figures, both here and, indeed, throughout the world: like Mr. Menzies of Australia and Mr. Nehru of India. But several attended for the first time, like Mr. Diefenbaker from Canada, Mr. Suhrawardy from

Pakistan, and Sir Roy Welensky from the Central African Federation. Then there was a new member—a new member-country: Ghana, represented by its Prime Minister, Dr. Nkrumah; and we were glad and proud to have him with us.

One by one our countries, or rather the countries under our guardianship, take up the responsibility of full nationhood, and join us as equal partners. This year Ghana, very soon Malaya—and others to follow. Surely we are entitled to take a little credit for all this. Such a thing has never happened before in all history, and it is not happening everywhere in the world today. For, remember, I said 'partners'—not satellites.

I have been present at sessions of Commonwealth conferences before—both as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as Foreign Secretary; but this is the first time I have been to one as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, and acted as chairman and host. That is an experience, I can assure you, that no man could ever forget. We in Britain have friendly and co-operative relations with many countries; we have a special relationship with the countries of Europe, which we hope to strengthen and extend, and on one thing we are all agreed: if there should, at any time, be a conflict between the

calls upon us, there is no doubt where we stand. The Commonwealth comes first in our hearts and in our minds.

Apart from the full conferences, this last fortnight has been a fine opportunity for individual talks, not only between myself and the Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth but between the various Prime Ministers themselves, and these conversations are perhaps even more valuable than the more formal discussions. At any rate I want to say one thing: this Commonwealth Conference has been a great success.

How can I sum it all up? The Commonwealth is something absolutely unique in the history of the world. It is not just a grouping, it is not a military alliance, it is not a closed trading area—nor is it a fixed and static thing. It is all the time growing and developing. And although it may seem rather a platitude, or rather hackneyed, I am afraid I can only use the same word about it that I began with: it is a family. In our everyday life the family means a great deal to us at home. But it sometimes means even more when the members of a family are scattered all over the world; and then the family reunions, when they come, have a deeper meaning. This family reunion that we have just held ends, I can assure you, on a note of confidence and faith.

—*Television, Home, and Overseas Services*

What Mr. Khrushchev's Victory Means

By DAVID FLOYD

WHATEVER purely personal ambitions and hatreds may have played their part in the struggle for power in the Kremlin and resulted in Mr. Khrushchev's victory over such veterans as Molotov and Kaganovich, the issues which served as the battle-ground are clear. In the field of internal policy, Mr. Khrushchev has steered a middle course between the Stalinist attitude of people like Molotov, who have always been concerned only with the economic and military power of Russia and never with the well-being of her people, and people like Malenkov, who tried to consolidate their power by making purely demagogic and impracticable promises of abundance of everything for the people in a few years. In this sense Mr. Khrushchev is a centrist.

In the field of international relations, however, the issues are not really so clear as they appear from the party *communiqué*. Mr. Molotov certainly represented the more extreme and rigid line in foreign policy for which he had been responsible under Stalin. We know, from reports of the Central Committee meeting in 1955 when the battle between Molotov and Khrushchev first flared up, that Molotov was opposed to the more conciliatory attitude that Khrushchev wanted to take up towards Russia's satellites in Europe and to Marshal Tito. Molotov wanted to preserve the purity of Communist doctrine, even at the expense of losing or failing to gain allies. Khrushchev, on the other hand, was prepared to make concessions and to recognise local differences of policy and approach, in exchange for closer bonds with Russia.

Not unnaturally the central issue in this battle was Marshal Tito's Yugoslavia. Molotov's attitude to Tito was and always has been that Tito was no real Communist and that the so-called socialist camp was better off without him. He warned Khrushchev that in trying to win Tito he ran the danger of losing more valuable friends, such as Poland. He was proved right last year, and the events in Hungary and Poland undoubtedly put a strong argument into the hands of the Stalinists. It enabled them to say 'we told you so' and to demand sterner measures within the Communist empire.

But in the international field, as in domestic politics, Khrush-

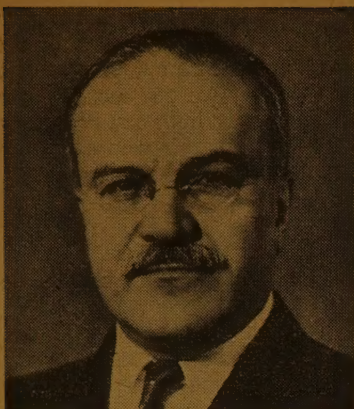
chev is perhaps a little more aware of the need for change and conscious of the future. He believes that to continue to hold the countries of eastern Europe down by force cannot eventually succeed and must inevitably lead to major explosions. He knows that he cannot dominate Mao Tse-tung and 600,000,000 Chinese as Stalin dominated Czechoslovakia. He sees the danger of losing Mao or being dominated by him unless a measure of autonomy and divergence of political view is allowed. He once told an Asian ambassador in Moscow: 'Our diplomats (by whom he probably meant Molotov and his professional followers) are always talking about the danger of China. But they are short-sighted. They do not see that we are making policy not just for Russia but for the whole 900,000,000 of the socialist camp'.

In other words, the battle between Khrushchev and Molotov was not between a man who wanted to dissolve the Communist empire and one who wanted to preserve it, but between two different approaches to the problem of empire-building. Molotov's was the purist approach and he saw the future as a face-to-face battle with the free world. Khrushchev's approach is more subtle. He is ready to accept some divergence of views inside the empire and to use subtler means to defeat the West. He knows that war is ruled out today. But he sees vast possibilities in using the 'progressive parties' of the western world to undermine our political systems. Gomulka can have his Polish road to Communism; Tito can have his peculiarly Balkan version of socialism; Mao Tse-tung can preach of contradictions, so long as they remain loyal to the Soviet alliance.

But there is no indication, either in Mr. Khrushchev's conduct of relations with the West in the last few years or in the official account of his quarrel with Mr. Molotov, of any intention of abandoning the essentially anti-Western, anti-capitalist line always associated with the Kremlin. On the contrary he is at pains to reassert it and claims to know better how to conduct it. The defeat of the Old Guard may bring some improvement in the life of the Soviet people. But it is unlikely to make things any easier for us in the free world.—*General Overseas Service*



Mr. N. S. Khrushchev, First Secretary of the Soviet Communist Party



Mr. V. M. Molotov



Mr. D. Shepilov



Mr. L. Kaganovich



Mr. G. Malenkov

Four leading Communists who have been dismissed from party posts in the U.S.S.R.

Two Views on the Changes in Moscow

I—From Poland

By GUY HADLEY, B.B.C. Berlin correspondent

WHEN I was in Warsaw a week or two ago, I visited the Zeran motor factory which makes cars on a Russian licence and with rather obsolete Russian machinery. I was ushered into the Communist Party office in the factory and on the wall there were two portraits; one was the late Mr. Bierut, the former Polish Communist Party chief, a 100-per-cent. Stalinist, who died in Moscow last year; and the other was the Chinese Communist leader, Mao Tse-tung.

I asked the very self-assured girl in the office why there was no picture of the new Polish leader, Mr. Gomulka; to which she at once replied: 'Because we have Comrade Gomulka with us in the flesh'. That, of course, is true, but since the news of the dismissals in Moscow I cannot help wondering if Comrade Bierut is still up there on the wall, or in that Valhalla of Communist portraits which, in Poland, has already swallowed up so many busts and pictures of Stalin.

Obviously the Moscow dismissals will have far-reaching effects in Poland, and many Poles will agree that Mr. Khrushchev's line had valuable support from Mao Tse-tung in Communist China. At any rate, when I was in Poland last winter, Polish supporters of Gomulka were saying that Chinese advice to Moscow had played a big part in saving Poland from the fate of Hungary. But in estimating the effects of the Moscow bombshell on Poland, one has to remember that in the past year or so the Poles have already gained a good deal more than the other Communist countries, more even than Yugoslavia.

Unlike other satellite leaders, such as Herr Ulbricht in East Germany, Mr. Gomulka is not just a Communist puppet but a veteran who was disgraced and imprisoned under Stalin. Under his leadership the Poles already enjoy a freedom of speech, an intellectual ferment, and a relaxation of secret police tyranny which are still unknown in East Germany and Czechoslovakia, not to mention Hungary.

What the news from Moscow may mean for the ordinary Poles is that their leaders should now feel less fear of a Russian intervention and, therefore, less need for caution in pushing on with the Polish October revolution. The effects inside the Polish Communist Party are bound to be far-reaching. The party still contains a strong Stalinist faction, strongly entrenched and not at the highest level but in the local committees all over Poland. These people did their best to prevent Mr. Gomulka from coming to power last October, and they have done their utmost to obstruct him ever since. They look to Moscow for support and they have close relations with the Soviet Ambassador in Warsaw, Mr. Ponomarenko. After the Russian massacre in Hungary they felt things were going their way and they became more active. During the Polish elections last January, I was told by supporters

of Gomulka that these unrepentant Stalinists were trying to provoke unrest by spreading alarmist rumours and anti-Semitic feeling, and only two or three weeks ago, at a meeting of the party branch in Warsaw, they showed their opposition fairly openly, even though Mr. Gomulka intervened in person.

Now that Mr. Khrushchev, for whatever reason, has successfully labelled Mr. Molotov and the others as 'Stalinist reactionaries' and 'enemies of the Party', the conservative Communists in Poland can hardly stand their ground, and Mr. Gomulka, who has so far handled them gently, will no doubt feel free to assert his position. But we should perhaps avoid any over-optimism on the speed of future changes in Poland. I have often had a typical conversation with Polish Communists. 'We saw our mistakes', they say—and with truth—and we're determined to regain popular trust and affection.

'But did you ever have that?' asks the western observer, who has seen little sign of any majority support for the Communists.

'We had it from those who counted', is the usual answer—'the progressive workers and peasants'.

'All right', says the observer, 'but do you really believe you can settle things, and especially the Polish economic muddle, simply by correcting mistakes? Wasn't there something fundamentally wrong with the whole Communist system?' And then you are right up against the brick wall. Whatever they may feel in private, the Polish Communist watchwords are still the dictatorship of a proletariat and the leading role of the Communist Party. I have heard a Pole remark that they might eventually achieve a two-party system—one Communist and one Peasant Party, plus Liberals—but he was a Socialist and, although he spoke freely, I noticed he kept his voice down.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

II—From Yugoslavia

By IAN McDOUGALL, B.B.C. Balkans correspondent

YUGOSLAVIA is one of the few places in the Communist world—a little while ago I might have said the only place—where they still like their politics the way they like their coffee: thick, strong, bitter-sweet, and with a deposit of something that looks suspiciously like mud at the bottom of the cup. To the public palate, the latest Soviet offering tastes delicious by all these standards, and officials are, of course, delighted, because Mr. Molotov and the others, who have now been disgraced with him, were regarded as the rearguard of Stalinism.

Yugoslavia broke with Stalinism as long as nine years ago, and these latest developments are thought of as being another vindication of that decision, and of the Yugoslav thesis, which

Mr. Khrushchev is also understood to hold, though not in identical form, that there can be several roads to socialism.

But if you want to go a little below this fairly likely surface interpretation, you have to go a little below the senior officials, because their interests are vested in the preservation of Titoism, and even if Titoism is only another road to socialism, it is in many ways just as straight and narrow a road as Stalinism itself. I know several devoted Communists in Belgrade, and the odd thing about them—odd at first glance, that is—is that the ones who talk most freely of Communist affairs are often not Titoists at all, but thinly disguised Stalinists, who accept present changes in Communist thinking because they are told to do so, but have increasing doubts about the whole movement's future.

At this point I may as well introduce Branko. That is about the commonest first name there is in Serbia, so I am doing him no disservice by mentioning it. Branko is about forty-five, and in my opinion he is rather slow mentally, which possibly explains his lowly position in the Communist hierarchy. He is prematurely embittered, slightly stooped, and looks to me underfed though there is plenty of food about. But he still manages to summon the energy to argue with a refreshing orthodoxy that takes one back to Lenin's speeches in 1919. He talks, provided there is reasonable privacy, but I am sure he only talks to me at all because he is irrevocably disappointed; and indeed I sometimes think he wishes he were important enough to be sent to prison.

Anyway, he is an expert Sovietologist, and his crystal is less clouded than most. 'The way I see it', he said to me rather moodily, at the very moment that this latest news was cheering them up in Belgrade government offices, 'is that we're all on a very slippery slope, and that now we've got those greasy Russians on the same slope, pushing us down even faster. In my day, the

Socialist State was a thing to be built for future generations. We didn't think so much for ourselves—in fact, some of us didn't think at all for ourselves—provided we felt sure our descendants would benefit. One consequence was that we put most of our money into building up industry which in turn built other industry that one day might—I mean would—produce things to make life good for everybody: and I do mean everybody. And, for myself, I think that's an excellent idea'.

He looked round rather helplessly at this point as if appealing to future generations. 'But', he went on in substance, 'human beings tend to be rather selfish. They want things now while they're still alive, so an enormous struggle in the world leadership arose as to whether they should be given things now or in the future, or how much should be given now and how much in the future. Tito has more or less plumped for giving them things now and the idea is spreading. Look at all this nonsense about consumer goods—look at Hungary, Poland, and now China. Did I say "and now China?" I should have said "and now Russia"'. 'So', I said, interrupting him, 'you think that the Leninist-Marxist ideal is being betrayed—or is this at last the withering away of the State, of which we've heard so much and seen so little?'.

'I'll tell you what I think', said Branko, leaning forward and speaking with a forcefulness that was surprising in one with such frail physique, 'I think that the whole system is being turned upside down, just to preserve a few opportunists in power—no I don't mean exactly that', he added quickly, no doubt seeing the lift of my eyebrows just in time, remembering where he was and who he was, 'I mean rather that the power is being seized by men whose dedication to the true ideals of socialism has been blunted by too much contact with the reactionary West'.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Discontent in Czechoslovakia

By BASIL DAVIDSON

THERE is a story I heard in Prague. It is about two dogs who meet on the frontiers of Czechoslovakia and Poland. The Czech dog is a solid, business-like, well-groomed and well-fed creature: he is hurrying into Poland. The Polish dog is a long, lean, raking hound with a wild look in his eye: and he is hurrying into Czechoslovakia.

This well-fed Czech dog says to this lean Polish dog: 'Now what would you be going into my country for?'

'What I want', says the Polish dog, 'is a good feed. But why should you be going into my country?'

'Ah!' replies the Czech dog, 'what I want is a good bark'.

Last year Poland and Hungary were the scenes of great and partially successful struggles, by all sorts of people, to overcome the bureaucratic dictatorship which the reign of Stalin had fastened on those countries. But why not Czechoslovakia, too? And if it did not happen then in Czechoslovakia, is it about to happen now?

I tried to find answers. It was certainly true that much had changed for the better since a visit to Prague five years ago. I could usefully ask questions about freedom of expression, civil rights, the number of people imprisoned during the grey years, and the number released since then; because some kind of reasonable answer was usually forthcoming. I could stroll with friends through the pleasant streets of this graceful medieval city, or turn into a wine shop with them and drink Bohemian wine, or visit them at home, or interrupt them in their offices; and nobody I met seemed in any fear of personal disaster. All this was an advance, and it helped to explain why no sensational changes had occurred. The changes were happening unsensationally—under the surface, if you like, without emotion, in a thoroughly Czech manner.

For the truth is that Czechoslovakia is going through much the same kind of self-liberating process as Poland; but much more slowly, more cautiously, and in ways that are not at all the same

as Polish ways. There is a good deal in that story of the two dogs. 'Put it this way', said a Czech friend. 'The Communist leaders here have succeeded in maintaining a standard of living that is markedly higher than it ever was in Poland or Hungary. People are dissatisfied, but they are not driven to despair. They don't like the ruling bureaucracy, but they don't hate it enough to want to go out and do something violent'.

So it is a contradictory situation. It is true that the standard of living is probably higher than anywhere else in the Communist world. It is true that much good economic progress was made even in the grey years. That is especially the case in Slovakia, a very backward slice of central Europe that is now the centre of much new industry—and hence of much new employment. This means that although you find discontent, grumbling, and savage criticism of the government among wage and salary earners, it is not at the fever-point that it was in Hungary or Poland. Where you do find the fever of discontent—a real moral and political upheaval—is among students, teachers, writers, artists and all that kind of people who are vaguely and somewhat opprobriously called intellectuals. Most of these people are very discontented indeed. Not so much with the regime—many of them, after all, are Communists or Socialists: but with the narrow-minded, bullying, crass stupidity of the ruling bureaucrats.

The ruling bureaucrats are well aware of this discontent, and they fear it. That is why they hit back, every now and then, with angry speeches or sudden acts of repression. That, too, is why so many intellectuals are willing to talk a little, but not much, and why freedom of speech in Prague is still a delicate commodity, and one to be handled with discretion.

An upheaval on Polish lines seems unlikely in Czechoslovakia. But this does not mean the Czechs are standing still. They are certainly on the move for more freedom within their present system. In spite of the ruling bureaucrats, my impression was that they will get it.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Task of the Commonwealth

By V. K. R. V. RAO

THE Commonwealth is a unique institution. It is not an alliance nor is it a federation. In some ways perhaps it is like a smaller edition of the United Nations organisation, with divergences in race, form of government, and foreign policies among its members; but the analogy does not hold to any significant extent, for unlike the United Nations the Commonwealth has no secretariat or civil service of its own. True, it holds frequent meetings of its Prime Ministers, but these are not regular, they have no set agenda, there are no resolutions, there is no veto, and there are no decisions. No doubt the Queen is recognised as the Head of the Commonwealth, but no curiosity has been shown nor any answer given on what are the powers and functions of the Head of the Commonwealth. Yet it exists; and it continues to do so in spite of the colour bar in South Africa, the Indo-Pakistan dispute on Kashmir, and the recent British action in the Suez. Why the Commonwealth has continued to exist is, therefore, a question that needs answering. It is also important to know whether it will continue to exist and, if so, in what form and for what purpose.

One authoritative Canadian view on the subject has recently been expounded by Professor Frank H. Underhill in a series of lectures delivered by him on 'The British Commonwealth'* at the Commonwealth Studies Centre of Duke University in the United States.

Canada and the 'New Look'

Canada has played a very important role in the evolution of the Commonwealth as we see it today. It was Canada which was the first British Colony to be started on the road to responsible government by the voluntary decision of Great Britain, its metropolitan power. It was again Canada which first gave a multi-racial flavour to the Commonwealth with the gradual acceptance of this connection by its French-speaking citizens. It was also Canada that resisted every attempt made first by Great Britain and subsequently by New Zealand to set up some regular constitutional organ of government for the Dominions as a whole. In recent times, it is Canada which is trying to give a new look to the Commonwealth by emphasising the importance of association with what Canadians sometimes called the 'invisible member of the Commonwealth', the United States. There can be no doubt that Canada's role in the evolution of the Commonwealth has been both positive and continuous.

The more interesting part of Professor Underhill's thesis is the view that he expresses on the future of the Commonwealth with special reference to Great Britain's place therein. According to him, the days of Britain's greatness are over and she is no longer a major power; and yet she will not accept the verdict of history. Instead she pins her hope in the Commonwealth as a means for enabling her to play a leading role on the world stage:

Britain, the original centre and heart of the Empire-Commonwealth, has suffered more from the wars and revolutions of our day than has any of its outlying members. She has irrevocably lost the position of the leading world power, which she enjoyed without challenge from 1815 to 1914, and to her the Commonwealth represents her last chance to function as a great power. . . . The English have always been a passionate people and their deepest passion has been that for power.

He suggests that it is the British who invite the Commonwealth to press them to stay out of European commitments, not the other Commonwealth nations who are doing the pressing spontaneously because of their concern for Commonwealth unity. Says Professor Underhill in biting fashion:

Because she has been the accepted leader of the Empire-Commonwealth for so long, Britain tends to assume that she can continue to take this position of leadership for granted. She

is suffering from what Toynbee calls the nemesis of creativity. But the hard fact is that her position of leadership has now to be earned anew every day.

He then proceeds to give his own answer about the success of the outcome of this British desire for leadership *via* the Commonwealth:

The British Commonwealth as a unit can no longer be successfully defended by its own power, no matter how it is organised. This is the fundamental change which has taken place since 1914. In most of the Commonwealth countries the Governments, more realistic than their peoples, have adjusted themselves to this challenge by entering, jointly and individually, into new alliances with the United States. In the Western World, for as long as we can foresee, the United States has supplanted Britain as leader. And this makes unreal all aspirations for a closed exclusive British Commonwealth, economic or political. Wherever we look today, something new has been added to the British Commonwealth, something American. All roads in the Commonwealth lead to Washington.

There is a great deal in what Professor Underhill says, but I am afraid he is indulging in an over-simplification of an exceedingly complex problem. No doubt Britain is no longer the power that she was during the nineteenth century; but it is not correct to suggest that she wants to use the Commonwealth as a means for re-establishing her power. Recent events in regard to the Egyptian incident certainly did not reveal on the part of the British Government the desire to use the Commonwealth for the purpose of promoting what they conceived to be their national interest. On the contrary, it showed an inclination to go it alone in almost desperate disregard of its possible consequences on Commonwealth unity. Similarly also, the almost reckless manner in which a section of the British press, especially that part of it which always shouts about the Empire and Commonwealth, has been attacking India and its Prime Minister does not support the thesis of the desperate desire of the British ruling class to retain Commonwealth unity.

Canada Joins the Nuclear Club

My own feeling is that, among large sections of the British people, there is a certain amount of bewilderment about the Commonwealth. There is still interest in the Empire and with it a strong sense of identity and paternal interest in the Colonies which have not yet reached the stage of self-government, and at the same time offer opportunities for investment and supplies; but there is not the same interest in the independent states that constitute the Commonwealth. In my opinion, Professor Underhill is right in stating that Britain is not willing to accept the possibility of her not being a leading world power; but I do not think that it is leading her to lay more stress on the Commonwealth. It is perhaps responsible for her attempts, now proved successful, to join the nuclear club; but it is certainly not leading her in the direction outlined by Professor Underhill.

Moreover, it is not entirely fair to attribute to Britain only the power motive in her attitude to the Commonwealth. After all, Britain has certain traditions of democracy and freedom. Her greatest grouse in the past stemmed from the accusation that the outside world levelled against her for denying to her brown and black subjects the liberties she took pride in giving to her own people, especially because of the element of truth that was contained in the accusation till the year 1947. But the Commonwealth is no longer an all-white affair; Asians and Africans have also secured an honourable place in the company. Along with this Britain has possibilities of moral leadership far surpassing that which she had in the heyday of her powerful but colonial past. The Labour Party knows this; and so, I believe, do the bulk of the Conservatives. Leadership, influence,

(continued on page 60)

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The Listener

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Warm Work

LAST week-end a prolonged period of exceptionally warm weather came to an end; so did a golden week of sport. We British are notorious grumblers about the weather and, as we puffed and sweated our way round the home or office, most of us forgot that we should have been complaining equally if our favourite sporting events had been interrupted by rain or spoilt by cold. There was the second week of lawn tennis at Wimbledon, the regatta at Henley, the open golf championship, and the third Test match at Nottingham. It is by no means unusual for such contests to be interrupted by bad weather; it is exceptional for them to be fought throughout in brilliant sunshine. Nor was it necessary for all the spectators to struggle into their seats or sit huddled in serried ranks wondering if their bottles of fruit squash would last out the day. The television screen, or alternatively, or in supplementation, the indefatigable voices of commentators in sound broadcasting brought long stretches of these competitions, including every second of the Test match, right into the home. With an ice box conveniently to hand and wearing a minimum of clothing, the sports enthusiast might play many a game vicariously and offer critical comments as, dripping with sweat, a leading lawn tennis player hit a simple volley into the net or a weary slip fieldsman dropped a difficult catch.

In fact, if one bore the conditions in mind, one could not fail to admire the way in which technique and training carried most of these sportsmen on through the heat of the day. Everyone, it may be supposed, had his own hero. There was the corpulent A. D. Locke who did not allow his concentration to falter but went on to win the golf championship for the fourth time. Then one could watch Frank Worrell from the West Indies who after opening the bowling for his side and fielding through the long England first innings, then opened the batting and stayed undefeated to the end to score 191. But perhaps one's own particular choice of a hero, as viewed on the television screen, was the American tennis player, Gardner Mulloy. Mr. Mulloy is forty-three and in the men's doubles finals he was nearly twice the age of each of his opponents. While they wiped themselves down at each change of side, one saw Mr. Mulloy calmly standing in his place waiting for the others to begin, relaxed and unruffled, as if it were a cool evening in the park. He and his partner, one felt, deserved their sensational victory.

But one spared a thought too not merely for the heroes of such frays but also for the active servants of broadcasting. Little could they have guessed that the coincidence of this great sporting week and the inauguration of the International Geophysical Year was destined to mean such harassing labours for them. Disturbances upon the sun added to the difficulties of technicians by interfering with radio reception. When the commentators left their outdoor posts for the inside of television studios they got it hotter. The necessary lights of the studios raised the temperatures to extraordinary heights. Out of respect for their profession, they did not take off their coats, but could hardly refrain from reminding their audiences from time to time that the studio thermometers were recording nearly 100 degrees. All in the day's work no doubt; but as their viewers sipped their iced lemonade, they had occasion to reflect that every profession has its occupational hazards.

What They Are Saying

Broadcasts on the changes in Soviet leadership

THE CHANGES in the leadership of the Russian Communist Party were the principal subject of comment last week, and Soviet and satellite radio and press services have been unusually prompt to express their opinions on this topic. In general, they gave enthusiastic support for the decisions of the Central Committee, and emphasised the solidarity of the Communist bloc. Referring to the reasons for the expulsion of the Molotov-Malenkov group, one Moscow commentator said:

There is no need to recount all the mistakes made by the anti-party group to describe the harmfulness of their activities to the cause of world peace. It is quite sufficient to note one fact, that the group was doing everything it could to hamper the implementation of the Leninist principle of peaceful coexistence. These people were pulling the country back and preventing it from establishing closer and more friendly ties with other countries. They were against Soviet leaders making personal contacts with the leaders of other countries. It is these personal contacts between government leaders that are melting the cold-war ice and expediting trust and mutual understanding. That was what the Malenkov-Kaganovich-Molotov group could not see.

In a more comprehensive review of the motives behind the Committee's decisions, another Moscow commentator stated that:

The group was removed for trying to change the course proclaimed in 1956 by the Communist Party's Twentieth Congress. Now it stands to reason that there will be no change in a foreign policy that is aimed at lessening international tension and which stems from the principle of peaceful coexistence of countries with different social systems.

At home, the Malenkov-Molotov group had demonstrated their superciliously disdainful attitude towards urgent and vital interests of the broad popular masses and their lack of faith in the tremendous possibilities inherent in social agriculture.

As a result of their dismissal, and in reply to the new measures taken by the party and the Government, our agricultural workers will exert fresh efforts to carry out the task of catching up in the next few years with America's production of animal produce per head of population.

In its Arabic service, Moscow radio expressed surprise at a statement by the Lebanese Foreign Minister that the dismissal of Mr. Shepilov meant the end of Soviet aggressive policy in the Middle East. The commentator declared that Russia's Middle East policy was not connected with Mr. Shepilov in person.

A Yugoslav commentator declared that the removal of the Molotov-Malenkov group would undoubtedly benefit Soviet relations with other countries and Soviet peace policy.

Opinion in the West is either cautious or sceptical. In France the left-wing *Franc Tireur* is quoted as saying:

Outwardly, the liquidation of the Stalinists should facilitate the policy of *détente*. But Malenkov's liquidation contradicts this thesis, and the Soviet Union is certainly the country where appearances are most deceptive.

A Swedish view is expressed by the paper *Svenska Dagbladet*:

We must not conclude that the men of the Kremlin have really mended their ways. The reshuffle means only that the present rulers are apparently inclined towards softer, more devious methods of attaining the aims they share with the Molotov group.

A commentator on Israel radio stated:

The purge in the Soviet hierarchy confirms the view of pessimists who claim that collective leadership is impossible in such a regime, and that eventually authority will be concentrated in the hands of one person, as happened after the death of Lenin.

In America, *The New York Times* is quoted as saying:

Is this spectacle of secret government, secret struggle, and secret purge anything but pure Stalinism? The essential character of the Soviet Union has not changed. It is still a totalitarian dictatorship in which a minute group of individuals successfully arrogate to themselves all power over the Soviet people. But a totalitarian dictatorship, we now see again, is far from the seamless whole it tries to show publicly. Both the men who were purged and those who purged them have spoken in the past about their 'unity'. Now we know there was no unity.

Did You Hear That?

PLANT HUNTING ON MOUNT VICTORIA

'WHILE OUT ON a plant hunt one day', said F. KINGDON-WARD, describing in the Third Programme an expedition to Mount Victoria last year, 'somebody lit a cigarette and carelessly threw away the match, which fell in dry grass. Instantly the grass was alight, and within a few minutes the forest was ablaze and the fire out of control. Fanned by the hot wind sweeping up the slope, the flames roared through the second growth, scorching the crowns of evergreen trees and consuming high grass, clumps of bamboo, date palms, and leafless trees.

We were completely helpless. Chins from a nearby village, whose land was on fire, came to our assistance; but there was not much they could do about it either. Nothing could stop that wild, raging, creeping conflagration which spread in all directions.

'It was magnificent while it lasted, but unfortunately we lacked the true bonfire spirit; I was wondering if this meant the end of the expedition. At least 1,000 acres of second growth was more or less destroyed before the fire went out; but nobody seemed less concerned than the Chins. This is the season of fires. The village presented an itemised bill for bundles of thatch grass and firewood destroyed, and gave a party in our honour. The damage was assessed at seventy-five rupees, and the party cost us about another sixty—say, £10 altogether.

'The village of about twenty huts stood on a terrace buried in forest, where grew leafless trees with small vermilion flowers like drops of blood, Indian laburnum with streamers of daffodil yellow flowers, and Bauhinias looking as though clouds of pale lilac butterflies were perched on every twig. We arrived at nine and left at five—that is eight hours drinking indifferent rice beer from smoke-blackened, saw-edged crumpled horns of the local cattle, which are called mithan. But we had nothing to eat. Etiquette demanded that we swap horns with all the men and maidens in the village and toast each in turn several times over. Luckily they were not horns of plenty.

'Chin men go about practically naked. They are armed with bow and arrow, and wear feathers in their turbans, which makes them look very Wild West. By comparison, the girls look almost over-dressed. But they are neat and colourful. They wear a loose, short-sleeved, blue cotton blouse reaching the midriff, and a tight black or blue skirt which hardly reaches the knees, and causes them to walk with mincing steps. Their only concession to make-up is tattooing on cheeks, lips, and chin.

'Chins are unwilling carriers, and it was not till the end of March that we got our porters and set out for the mountain. By evening we were on the slopes of Mount Victoria. Next morning we entered the real forest, and interest rose to fever heat. The trees—oaks and laurels, birch, pine, yew, and many more—were heavily shrouded with moss in which grew ferns, masses of orchids, and a few epiphytic shrubs. Amongst orchids the most beautiful was a snow-white *Dendrobium*. It has flowers four inches across. But during a day in which we climbed 3,000 feet, the best find was the sweetly fragrant epiphytic *Rhododendron cufeanum*. Looking down from the ridge onto the roof of the

forest, we saw a white cloud of this rhododendron like a flock of egrets perched in the tree tops.

'During the next few days we explored the mountain. It was wonderful to see here, in the heart of tropical Burma, Himalayan and Chinese plants which one expects to find only on the much higher ranges further north. The sheltered flank was steep and thickly wooded; the south was equally precipitous, but bare of trees except in the lower gullies, and everywhere charred and blackened by fire. One scalloped grass slope shone lilac and purple with the mop heads of *Primula denticulata*. On April 9 we started early for the top. It was a gorgeous day and we walked briskly, enjoying the far views over the hills. Three trees were scattered along the wind-swept ridge, and their twisted limbs carried the marks of their ordeal; these were pine, oak, and

Rhododendron arboreum.

Above 9,000 feet this last was in gorgeous bloom. Never have I seen a more wonderful sight than these gnarled, centuries-old trees, their massed crowns a red-hot furnace. In the sunshine the flowers seemed to melt and run like liquid iron.

'In the middle of May we started on our second tour to a hill a few miles west of Mindat. It stood on a secondary spur of Mount Victoria, and was about 8,000 feet high. Camp was made in the forest and the monsoon broke that night. The highlight of this tour was the discovery of a fourth rhododendron with blush pink flowers. Thirty or forty trees, all of them in full bloom, were massed on a cliff; they looked like breaking waves throwing spray into the air.

'When the rains ceased in November we returned to

the mountain. We found the summit transformed. The grass slopes were thickly carpeted with drifts of brightly coloured alpine flowers. Over one, golden saxifrage had woven a brilliant fabric; it looked like the field of the cloth-of-gold. The scarlet leaves of sedum flared along the rocks. Rosettes of gentian lined the hollows with pale-blue silken cups. By the time we had collected seed of all the alpine plants, besides dozens of orchids, I felt that we had not spent nine months on Mount Victoria in vain'.

APPOINTMENT WITH THE SANDMAN

'The night temperature stood at 85 degrees, the humidity was 88 per cent.', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL in 'From Our Own Correspondent'. 'There was no air conditioning and ten floors below my open window the down-town traffic of New York was roaring, growling, yelping, and occasionally screaming. Finally I sat up in my crumpled bed, turned on the light and, for want of reading matter, picked up the telephone directory. It opened at the word "sleep". That was why, the next morning, I rang up the Sleep Promotion Laboratory.

'A man answered, but when I asked him whether he helped people to go to sleep he replied: "Well no; but if you want to find the little old sandman you ought to visit the Sleep Centre of Norman Dine". So I made my appointment with the Sandman, and a few hours later was talking to him. He is a quiet-voiced, middle-aged man, Mr. Dine, with a dry sense of humour in ambush behind his muted professional manner.



Chin porters resting near Mount Victoria in Burma

'Some twenty-five years ago he suffered from insomnia. When the doctors could not cure him he took a year off and cured himself. Then he had the idea of placing his new-found knowledge at the disposition of the public, partly for humanitarian and partly for commercial reasons. He paused, and then added reflectively: "My motives were mainly commercial".

'The basic secret of achieving sleep, he said, was mental hygiene—freeing the mind of emotional tension—and that he did not try to do, nor, of course, did he sell drugs. What he did provide was a great variety of ways to release the muscular tensions which emotions are apt to produce, and it was these which we went on to explore.

'First, there were ways to relax before going to bed: vibrating machines that shake the muscles loose, a tranquilising bath essence, a French-style tisane or herbal night-cap. Then there were means to make the bedroom a peaceful place—translucent, plastic window-blinds, filters that keep out sound but let in air, ear plugs and light-excluding masks to bind across the eyes. One of them, in black satin, was inscribed in white letters with the words, "But I do love you". There was also the "Lullapine", an electrical appliance about the size of a vapouriser. Its droning noise gradually lulls and drowns the tense sleeper, said the brochure. Its circulator dispenses air—freshening pine and other fragrances—in the room. There was a long-playing gramophone combined with a clock timer, which can either give you a pre-set performance of soothing sounds or, if you are the studious type, will impart information to you while you doze. 'The Air Force Cadets use it a lot', said Mr. Dine. "Poor fellows, they have so much to learn". And he mentioned the theory that the mind can receive hypnotic instruction while it is in a light sleep.

'Next, we came to his main stock-in-trade; mattresses and beds; any number and any variety of them. There was the tired business man's bed. "It includes a courteous secretary", said the placard, indicating a streamlined dictation machine built into the headboard. There was the lion-and-lamb model, with a mattress that will keep a feather-weight wife and a heavy-weight husband in perfect equipoise. A treatise explained there were three classical body types: the ectomorphe, tense and slender, who needs soft and yielding body support; the mesomorphe, muscular and athletic, who needs a firm and unyielding mattress; the endomorphe, well-rounded and fleshy, who required the moderately resilient support of foam rubber.

'My tour concluded with the trivia of Morpheus—the compatibility clinic, for instance, which offers anti-snore contraptions, a hookah enabling one to smoke cigarettes without danger to the bedclothes, a spotlight permitting one person to read in bed without disturbing another. On another shelf were devices to banish night fears: a neon glow lamp, an instant vigil lamp (it lights when you sit up startled) and the personal alarm to panic intruders (it growls when you press the switch)'.

ALL CHANGE FOR YEOVENEY

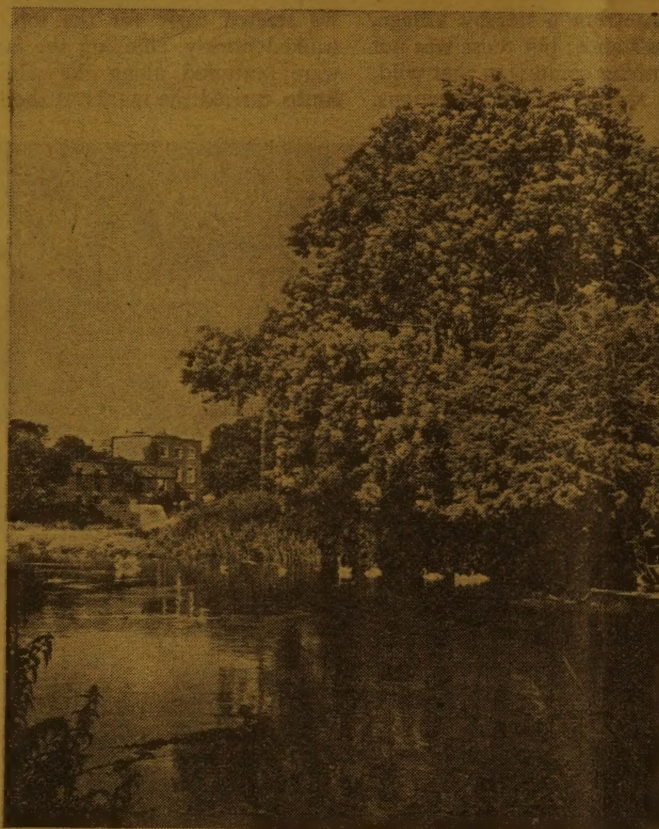
'Only sixteen miles from the heart of London lies the hamlet of Yeoveney in Middlesex', said GEORGE PECHE in 'Town and Country'. 'The most remarkable thing about Yeoveney is the railway station; a wooden platform with a dilapidated name-board and one seat. When a friend of mine went to Paddington to book a return ticket to Yeoveney, the booking clerk had never

heard of it. After much searching he found that no tickets are actually issued to it, but the same fare as to Staines West applies. The local time-table gives the following information: "Calls to set down passengers who inform guard at West Drayton or Staines West, and to pick up passengers who give hand signal to driver".

'On an average, only about one passenger a month uses the station, and it is something of an event when it occurs. It may well be asked: How did a railway station come to be at Yeoveney? It was built specially for the Middlesex Regiment to serve a nearby rifle range, and was given the name "Runnymede Range". When the range was closed down, the word was dropped from the title. To call the halt plain "Runnymede"—a place over three miles away—was a misnomer, so following a number of complaints from travellers,

the name was changed to Yeoveney. It is appropriate that the name of the station should perpetuate that of the nearby hamlet, a name of Saxon origin meaning the well-watered land of a local chieftain.

'The place is worth a visit. It stands on Staines Moor. On one side of the railway lies the gigantic King George VI reservoir and the river Colne, and on the other the Wyardisbury river meanders by the scattered cottages; a countryside reminiscent of the Fen district and a favourite haunt of bird watchers. As the area is scheduled for agriculture, Yeoveney appears likely to retain its rural flavour'.



The river Colne, not far from Yeoveney

J. Allan Cash

PASS THE SEAWEEED

At this time of year people living on the Norfolk coast, near King's Lynn, gather mainly for local consumption a special kind of seaweed called samphire which grows on marshy land covered by the tide. It is a popular delicacy in this corner of East Anglia, and it occasionally finds its way to a few of London's more expensive restaurants. HARDIMAN SCOTT

spoke from the samphire marshes in 'The Eye-witness'.

'From where I am now, miles out on the marshes at Terrington near King's Lynn, I can see over the shimmering stretches of the Wash streaked with sandbanks and mud shelves to the marshes on the other side, and these with Gedney, not far away, are the three main samphire-growing districts. Samphire sprouts up in the mud of the marsh, a bright green, looking like thousands and thousands of miniature poplar trees—six-inch-high poplar trees. It is not cultivated; it just grows wild here, where the wild duck flies across the marshes and occasionally you hear the cry of the curlew. It is free to all, and in this part of Norfolk it has been gathered by the fisherfolk and eaten for hundreds of years. You boil it and then suck it off the stem like asparagus, and very nice it is too. It is rather hard to describe the taste: it is perhaps something like asparagus and spinach mixed. The people who gather it make their own circular nets from string, fixing them to a willow stick bent into a circle. Gathering the samphire with one hand, they toss it into the nets. It is no easy job: you have to walk a long way out over the marshes to the fringes to get it.

'As more and more marram grass is growing on the marshes, it is strangling the samphire. The farmer benefits because the marram grass and banks which are being built are reclaiming the marsh, but there is less space in all these watery acres for the samphire. And there are some people who say that samphire is not quite so tasty as it used to be because of the fresh water coming down off the fens'.

The Poet in the Imaginary Museum

The first of two talks by DONALD DAVIE

THE imaginary museum in my title is taken from the brilliant book of that name published a few years ago by André Malraux. The central insight of that book is well known and widely accepted as a true and penetrating statement of an element, a basic assumption, common to all the arts in the present century. This perception is at bottom a simple one; and this means—luckily, for my present purposes—that it can be re-stated in summary fashion without being damaged too much. M. Malraux' contention, then, is this: that it is no accident that what we recognise as 'the modern movement' in the arts appears on the historical scene at roughly the same time as certain techniques of reproduction, like gramophone recording in the case of music and colour-photography in the case of painting, sculpture, and architecture.

Advantages of Artist and Musician

The perfection of these techniques—and the long-playing record, which has appeared in the last few years, may be taken to consummate this achievement—means that the modern painter, or sculptor, or architect, or musical composer differs from all his predecessors in one enormously important respect: he has immediately at his disposal, in a way his predecessors had not, the whole achievement of world-wide artistic endeavour over the centuries. In his library of art books or of long-playing gramophone records the modern artist has an imaginary museum infinitely more comprehensive and convenient than even the finest of actual museums and galleries. Where a painter or art-critic less than a hundred years ago—say Baudelaire—would have had to travel across Europe from Madrid to Leningrad in order to compare two paintings by Rembrandt, having to keep in his memory the image of what he had seen in Madrid to set beside what he was going to see in Russia, today such a painter or critic can open his art-book to see the two pictures, both reproduced with unprecedented fidelity, on opposite pages of the one volume.

Moreover he is not limited—as for practical purposes Baudelaire was limited—to the continent of Europe. He can have to hand the sculptures of Easter Island or the devil-masks of Nigeria or the rock-paintings of ancient China, no less than Giotto, Rembrandt, or Turner. The whole of the artistic past is available to painter, sculptor, architect, musician, as never before. He is free to wander about in the past, to pick and choose from among the styles of the past, in a way his predecessors never dreamed of. And M. Malraux maintains—conclusively, as I think—that this unprecedented attitude to the past—to artistic and cultural 'tradition' in the broadest sense—accounts for and makes inevitable some of the features of modern painting and music in which they differ most strikingly from the painting and music of all other periods and all other cultures.

It is natural to ask: what about the art of literature, or, more narrowly, of poetry? Malraux says nothing about this: and for obvious reasons; for if one thinks about it at all, it is easy to realise that the perfection of techniques of reproduction came, for poetry, five centuries earlier than for music and painting. The invention of printing in the fifteenth century did for poetry what the invention of gramophone recordings did for music, and the invention of colour-photography did for painting, only in the last fifty years.

So it would seem, if M. Malraux' contention is correct, that the poet and his reader have been inhabiting the imaginary museum for the past 450 years. This reflection—although so obvious—is yet sufficiently arresting. For it seems to mean that poetry is strikingly 'out of step' with the other arts. And it may well be asked whether in our approach to poetry we pay sufficient attention to the special position of this art among the rest. It is commonly assumed, for instance, that 'the modern movement' is something which manifests itself equally in all the arts; that

there is, to take one example, a significant connection between the cubist perspective of Picasso and Juan Gris and the exactly contemporary telescoping of historical perspective in the first lines of *The Waste Land*. Or we may recall the Symbolist contention, at the start of 'the modern movement', that poetry should 'approach the condition of music'.

Yet if Malraux is right, and modern painting and music owe their modernity to a changed attitude towards the artistic past, then it would seem that poetry, whose attitude towards the past has not been revolutionised by technical inventions, should not share in this 'modernity'. One comes to think that those critics who explain and justify novel features in modern poetry by appeal to what seem to be analogous innovations in the other arts are guilty of an elementary error in historical perspective. Further, since it is indubitable that many poets of our period have conceived themselves to be sharing in a modern movement equally manifest in the other arts it seems we may have to say that not only those poets' critics, but the poets themselves, have fallen into the error of supposing an affinity where none exists or can exist.

Yet, surely, printing had a different and much less far-reaching effect on poetry than colour-reproduction has had on painting. For the medium of painting, like the medium of music, is an international language as the language of poetry is not. After the invention of printing, as before, a poem was written in some one of the languages of the world; whereas pigment and line, a musical chord, the interplay of space and solid in buildings and sculptures—these artistic vocabularies are truly international.

Worse still, we may recall that the literary arts once had such a *lingua franca* which they have now lost. Until only 150 years ago, Latin and to a less extent Greek were still international literary languages, in that all but a very few of the serious literary works in all the languages of Europe were written with Latin and Greek models in mind, employing a common vocabulary of Latin and Greek mythology and symbolism. This literary heritage possessed and exploited by Russian as by Spaniard, by Norwegian as by Greek, constituted something like an international language for poetry. This international language still survives indeed, though it is spoken and understood only by a calamitously depleted number. It fell out of general use ('general' I mean among even the numerically tiny minority that at any given time cares for the arts) at precisely the time when the gramophone and colour photography were being invented.

Locked inside One National Milieu

In other words, at precisely the time when the inherently international media of painting and music were becoming (thanks to the technicians) effectively international, the medium of poetry was losing even that degree of international currency which it had enjoyed. At just the time when musician and music-lover, painter and art-enthusiast, are able to leap over the limitations of being born to one nation and one culture rather than another, the poet and his reader find themselves locked more securely than ever before inside one national milieu. This raises the possibility that poetry is and will be 'the odd one out' among the arts in the worst possible way. Poetry becomes ever more parochial and provincial, while painting and music and sculpture become ever more international. Is there not a real danger that poetry will become, among the arts, of only marginal importance?

It is this possibility, surely, which lies behind a remarkable work, Mr. Hugh MacDiarmid's *In Memoriam James Joyce*, which appeared a couple of years ago. This enormous poem is itself only an extract from another yet more enormous, to be called *Towards a World Language*. That title in itself explains how this fits in with what I am discussing. Yet, so far as I can see, Mr. MacDiarmid throughout this poem is for the moment merely trying to bring home to us the necessity for such an

international medium for poetry. He is not trying to create such a language by manifesting it in action.

Another writer has done just that; and I do not mean the writer whom Mr. MacDiarmid apparently has in mind, the James Joyce of *Finnegans Wake*. I mean Ezra Pound in his *Cantos*. I do not suppose that Mr. Pound had this purpose in mind when, forty years ago, he began his poem. But now, when the poem is almost completed, it seems clear that this is at any rate one of the things this great poem has done. It has created and put into action a language which is literally international, a language to which Chinese, Greek, and many other languages have contributed nearly as much as Anglo-American. It becomes clear that, though English is laid under heavier contribution than any other national tongue, yet Pound's *Cantos* cannot properly be described as 'a poem in English'.

Marginal Pleasure, Provincial Utterance

I do not pretend that this is the central significance of Pound's poem, and indeed I do not really share Mr. MacDiarmid's anxiety about a language for poetry which shall be 'international' in this obvious perhaps superficial sense. But it is only the extreme statement of a problem which is indeed crucial. For if we set aside these two poems, together with the work of Mr. Eliot, surely the English poetic scene presents us with just what I foresaw above—a poetry that has committed itself to the status of being no more than a marginal pleasure, a deliberately and self-confessedly provincial utterance. I do not mean by this just that Mr. Amis, say, or Mr. Philip Larkin, does not lard his verse with tags from the Greek or with Chinese characters. We should have every right to be dismayed if they did. But just look at their attitude to what we call the cultural heritage. Here is Mr. Kingsley Amis, writing a brief manifesto:

... Nobody wants any more poems about philosophers or paintings or novelists or art galleries or mythology or foreign cities or other poems. At least I hope nobody wants them.

'Nobody wants any more poems about . . . foreign cities'. So much for Goethe and Spenser and Du Bellay and Vyacheslav Ivanov and so many other poets down the ages to whom, for instance, the name and the actuality of Rome have been an inspiration, standing for a cultural and moral standard. Or here is Mr. Philip Larkin:

(I) have no belief in 'tradition' or a common myth-kitty or casual allusions in poems to other poems or poets, which last I find unpleasantly like the talk of literary understrappers letting you see they know the right people.

'Tradition' here in Mr. Larkin's mouth carries derisive quotation-marks, as it does (to take a third example) when Mr. D. J. Enright speaks of finding in one of his predecessors:

The shadow of 'Tradition', which apparently takes the form of tasteful quotations from the Greek with an odd nymph or two thrown in: a weary world of 'culture' borne away from the battlefield on one man's shoulders.

Here 'culture' no less than 'tradition' gets inverted commas. And if someone protests that Enright and Larkin only put the quote-marks to show that they mean *fake-culture*, *fake-tradition*, I still demand to be shown what they mean in that case by true 'culture', true 'tradition'. My impression is, from their often admirable poems as from their criticism, that there is no place for either concept in their view of the world and of the art which they practise.

These poets are my friends and I think I know perfectly well what makes them, being finely civilised men, pretend to be barbarians; why, though they are humane persons and responsible citizens, they pretend sometimes to be cultural teddy-boys. They are putting the house of English poetry in order: not before time, too. Or rather they are trying to build it afresh, an altogether humbler structure on a far narrower basis. On all sides, our good poets are 'pulling in their horns'. They are getting rid of pretentiousness and cultural window-dressing and arrogant self-expression, by creating an English poetry which is severely limited in its aims, painfully modest in its pretensions, deliberately provincial in its scope. I do not think they would be very offended or even make demur if one added: 'inevitably marginal in importance'.

The problem is: what in the present age should be the poet's

attitude to past poetry? There are good reasons why the poet's attitude to the poetry of the past cannot be like the painter's attitude to past painting, or the musician's to past music: because most past poetry is not available to the poet in the same way as all past painting is now available to the painter. By writing as if past poetry did not exist, Mr. Amis and Mr. Larkin and Mr. Enright solve this problem to their own satisfaction. It is one way out, at any rate—but at what a cost!

Yet, why should this be a problem for the poet at all? It seems that the poet has escaped the problem and the opportunity that were presented to the painter by the relative perfection of the means of reproduction. If that is so, why does the modern poet need to have an attitude to the past any different from Tennyson's attitude or Keats'? To answer this I have had to look at M. Malraux again and to supplement him a little. For he is surely wrong to lay such exclusive stress on the revolution in mechanics of reproduction. The techniques of reproduction—colour photography and musical recording—were discovered, as perhaps all such techniques are discovered, to answer to a need.

This need is the true source of the eclecticism of the modern movement, for it came out of an ethnological and anthropological temper of mind, which was then first appearing on the stage of history. This temper of mind was prepared and eager to investigate exotic cultures without prejudice, and from no preconceived position of cultural superiority. The modern sculptor can learn from Polynesian sculptures partly because the corpus of Polynesian sculpture is readily available to him in reproductions, but ultimately he can do so because of a new attitude of humility or anyway open-mindedness towards such supposedly 'primitive' cultures as those of Polynesia. If that attitude had not been inculcated by the first scientific anthropologists, the volumes of reproductions would never have come into existence.

The point is that at this level of attitude, temper, and need, the imaginary museum is as much the habitat of the poet today as of the sculptor. From this point of view, then, the poet finds himself—no less than sculptor, painter and musician—in what we may call 'the imaginary museum situation' but it is the poet's peculiar misfortune that his medium, being so much less international than the media of those other arts, is much less able to cope with this situation.

The modern poet's attitude to the poetic past must differ from Keats' attitude or Tennyson's simply because he has felt the impact, as the painter has, and the sculptor, and the man in the street, of the characteristic temper of scientific anthropology. We have all come to see, thanks to the anthropologist, that the artistic past of the human race is far richer and far more various than Tennyson or any poet before him realised. The masterpieces of the past do not constitute one order, derived from Greece and Rome; nor two orders, Nordic-Gothic on the one hand, classical-mediterranean on the other; nor even three orders or four. There are innumerable orders. We know this to be true of painting, architecture, sculpture, music; it is doubtless true of poetry also—with this awkward difference, that the poet is much less capable than the other artists of facing up to this knowledge and exploiting it. In short, whatever weight we give to the realisation that poetry in Europe is chronologically 'out of step' with the other arts—nevertheless, poetry does participate in 'the modern movement' in the arts. As indeed we knew it did—for, after all, it does help to be reminded of cubist perspective when faced with the first page of *The Waste Land*.

No Simple Either : Or

The position, then, is this: that we are not faced with a simple Either: Or. It is not a question of *either* internationalism or provincialism, *either* inside the imaginary museum or outside of it. Poetry finds itself in an uncomfortable betwixt-and-between; it inhabits the imaginary museum and participates in the modern movement to the extent that poets and their readers share a modern sensibility determined and coloured by scientific anthropology and by practice in the other arts; it is outside the imaginary museum and outside the modern movement to the extent that its medium—language—is not international as the other artistic media are. In my next talk I shall look from this point of view at the theory and practice of some modern poets.

—Third Programme

Hardinge of Lahore

By HELEN HARDINGE OF PENSHURST

MANY years ago, a boy playing in an early Victorian house near our present home noticed some queer-looking books in a dark cupboard where he was hiding. Some forty years on, when this house was sold, he remembered the books, and, returning, found them where they had lain through the years. This boy is now my husband. The books turned out to contain fragments of the correspondence of Sir Henry Hardinge, who lived from 1785 to 1856 and became the first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore. He was my husband's great-grandfather.

I myself know so little but I have learned much from these papers, and more knowledge has come as a result of the kindness of friends. Henry Hardinge joined the Army in his fifteenth year. Going first to Canada for a short time, he went, after further military studies in England, to the Peninsula, where he fought throughout the conflict, coming to be known as the 'Victor of Albuera'. I first came across an expression now often used when discussing the last war—the turn of the tide—applied to his action at Albuera, which was said to have 'turned the tide' of the Peninsular War. I got this from an official European history of his own day. He won ten campaign medals during this period, was three times wounded, and finally was given a military K.C.B.

He attended the Congress of Vienna, afterwards going to fight with Blücher at Ligny, where he lost the lower part of his left arm. When this was first shot, he put a tourniquet on and remained in the field, but that night it was amputated by a surgeon of Blücher's while Sir Henry lay in a stable, the only shelter to be found. The first operation proved nearly fatal, and Wellington sent his own surgeon to operate again, thus saving his life. Within a fortnight of Ligny, Sir Henry moved to the Palace of St. Cloud which Blücher had specially illuminated in his honour, and he slept in the Empress Marie Louise's bed there. Such were the contrasts of the day.

A man of thirty, returning from fifteen years of service, he reviewed his life, and when deep in thought and study had a vivid personal experience of the reality of God. The discipline of his daily life was to reflect this. He never lost his sense of purpose and dedication; a sense of service he had always had. His feelings were governed by his trust in God.

After the wars and his return home, he was twenty-four years in parliament and held three Cabinet posts, but by far the most important event in his life was his marriage in 1821 to the woman to whom most of the letters are written. She was Lady Emily James, and had been Lady Emily Stewart. She already had a son, Walter, by her first marriage, and she bore Sir Henry two sons and two daughters. The step-relationship was close and affectionate. This marriage was one of great benefit to them all, and the life they led was unlike the picture of conventional Victorian family life that has of late years been conjured up. The standards of moral leadership changed during Sir Henry's time from those of the Prince Regent to those of the Prince Consort, but this

family was to be absolutely at home with the new ideas the reign brought.

Sir Henry's figure was short and upright, and his portraits show bright, humorous eyes and a charming smile. He had one empty sleeve after Ligny; he wore Napoleon's sword, which had been presented to him, and on his dark blue coat shone a diamond star, the Civil Grand Cross of the Bath, given to him by Queen Victoria before his departure for India. I would like to remember his appearance more fully, as he would have wished, after the battle of Ferozeshah: there is a painting showing him riding across the stricken field on his famous white Arab, the empty sleeve fastened to his dusty coat, a cocked hat on his head, and wearing both sword and star. This figure became a legend, the symbol of calm courage amidst the storm of war; a man steadfast in danger, patient in council, and in his personal relationships warm and loving, extending his generous quality of heart to all with whom he came in contact. In India, at sixty, he was still sleeping out in the open with his soldiers.

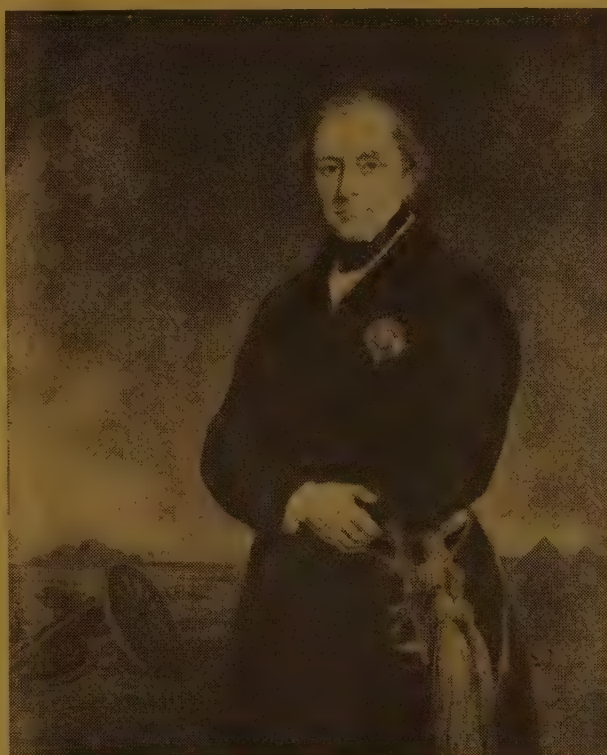
This sketch is about the public career of a man whose private life and feelings have been suddenly discovered and are revealed to us in his private papers. I do not mean to discuss military strategy, diplomacy, or politics, but in particular the profound impression of this family in their letters, and their relationships with each other.

When Sir Henry returned, amidst triumphant cheers, to his home in Kent after the Indian years, among the many Indian features he added to his house was a *Purdah* room; although this strange adjunct had nothing to do with harems, the one dominating passion of his life being his love for his wife. His decision to accept the post in India had been a costly one, tearing him from those he loved most, and it was first

accepted from a sense of duty. There was consolation in the fact that he was accompanied by his elder son, Charles, but it is here, in the letters, that the agitation of his feelings on the subject of Lady Emily's plan to come out and join her husband, bringing their two daughters, begins to influence all his feelings and statements. Even on the first stage of his journey out to India, he wrote:

I am afraid to say a word at present on the subject of your journey and even when I arrive at Cairo I feel beforehand that it is a subject on which I shall fail to have the courage to speak. Your duty and mine are to consider your safety and what would become of the children if anything happened to you.

He feared the risk of the enterprise for her, but wrote from Calcutta: 'I never will prohibit you from doing what you consider to be your duty'. His real passion for his family makes him fear the consequences of the expedition for the women of the party, and he feels that his anxieties on their account will so add to the weight of his responsibilities as to make him a less valuable public servant. Even now, says Sir Henry, 'I am unsettled because Charles has a cold. I unconsciously get up and walk into his room on the other side of the house'. Charles at this point



Henry, 1st Viscount Hardinge of Lahore (1785-1856): a painting by Sir Francis Grant

National Portrait Gallery

declined taking his medicine and 'I suspect', says his father, 'threw it away'. There is a note of Lady Emily's in the margin at this point remarking: 'So like Charles'.

The climate was indeed hot and damp, and he is apprehensive for his daughters, should they come, 'who would have to sit under a punka all day'; and writing to his wife, he says:

If I did not love you more deeply and respect you more strongly than I ever could any other woman, I should say decidedly 'don't come', but with you who have such claims upon me I will never thwart your inclinations. I am ready to sacrifice my public life to you. But as far as your free agency is concerned I will never oppose you.

In another letter, after giving a hair-raising account of the hazards for her of the journey out, he ends:

But when you get here—ah dearest—in that case I may save you, for God will be merciful to one so fragile in strength . . . and so brave in spirit.

His letters are love-letters and read a little like those of Nelson to Emma Hamilton, although his apprehensions are of a different order. He is not tortured by jealousy but by anxiety that her efforts on his behalf may kill her. And indeed the doctor forbade Lady Emily to go beyond Marseilles, where she was taken ill, and from thence returned home.

Before Sir Henry had news of this decision he must have received more troubling mail, for replying to a letter of Walter James, his stepson, he writes: 'If there—
the cast of the die is to depend upon my giving an order'—as Walter had evidently begged him to do—'I can only plead that I never gave your mother an order in my life; . . . and at the end of our lives this act would have appeared to me like a divorce'.

The failure of Lady Emily's attempt to join him, and news of the imminence of the arrival of Arthur, his younger son, reached Sir Henry in Calcutta late at night, and in the morning he writes: 'I have scarcely closed my eyes, excited by a variety of thoughts which quite banished sleep'. He promises to obey all his wife's injunctions for the boys, 'confirming them in religious feeling and observances and not omitting my own'. Later he speaks of Arthur's approaching Confirmation and of the whole family taking the Sacrament together. This was the true core of both their family life and their public service. It was not just a convention.

He is always sending small presents home—shawls for all the ladies, the best shawl for Lady Emily, and at one point he writes: 'If I take the Koh-i-Noor 'The Mountain of Light' you, dearest, shall give it to the Queen'. Sir Henry was a man of peace, though he had fought and was still to fight battles, and he did not take the Koh-i-Noor; and it was not until after the second Sikh War, many years later, that this Sikh jewel came to the Crown.

Charles writes very responsibly to his mother on Arthur's advent, hoping his young brother 'has too much sense to indulge in the excess over cigars and brandy and water practised in this country'. 'Arthur has promised not to smoke', Sir Henry says, 'and I have no doubt will be as temperate as his brother'; but

Lady Emily has added a note to this: 'What do my young men say to this—truly that their promises have been piecrust'.

Sir Henry greeted his younger son with enthusiasm and talks of the Arab horses Arthur is to have—hastily adding, 'but I shall not spoil him'. 'Charles', he says, 'cares for no horse that will not face a wild boar'. The boys thought that tiger shooting was but poor fun, so we do not find out how the famous tiger for Queen Victoria was captured. This animal is referred to in Lord Dalhousie's letters—as follows:

'When sacred Majesty goes to see the tiger that Hardinge is taking home for her, and which has eaten in his day six men, and seven women and children, I breathe a fervent and loyal prayer not only for H.M.'s safety, but that Her Majesty may not catch so many fleas as my wife did. She was so bitten as to be able to appreciate in some degree the suffering of those whom the tiger himself had torn'.

In a letter to his wife from Barrackpore, headed 'the anniversary of our separation', Sir Henry comments on his sensations at hearing, unexpectedly, of the engagement of one of his daughters. One of the questions that had distressed him on leaving England was that such a possibility might arise during his absence, and though he knows every rational parent expects to make this sacrifice, he is much perturbed when the time comes. 'I flew to work and to worship', he says, 'and have now returned from Church more tranquil in judgement'. But he still finds it painful to resign



Sir Henry Hardinge and his staff after the battle of Ferozeshah: the figures are by Sir Francis Grant, the animals by Landseer, and the background by Sir Henry's son, Charles Stewart Hardinge

his child to a protector who is unknown to him.

I am not attempting to set the full political and strategic scene presented in these papers, but I would like to mention one or two incidents in this part of the story which add strongly to my impression of Sir Henry and his family.

In the course of one of the battles in the Sikh War, Sir Henry begged Charles—who was a civilian although he had been in action with the others—to go further to the rear before they charged the gun batteries. Charles sadly obeyed this order, bivouacking with the cavalry and artillery and, as he says, 'passed a wretched night, uncertain what turn affairs would take, fancying my dearest friends had fallen' and hearing the guns play all night long on the sector where Sir Henry was. Sir Henry also had a difficult time that night. He gave into the hands of a small party, who were going back to care for the wounded in the rear, his diamond star and Napoleon's sword, and to Arthur he confided his watch, to give to Lady Emily if he should fall. And having made these preparations for the morrow's conflict, he lay down upon the ground with Arthur wrapped in his cloak beside him, and lying amongst the soldiers they talked of home. He seems to have been quite at peace—these preparations made—and his coolness and intrepidity heartened his fellows. Bosworth Smith says:

What the Governor-General did during this night of terrors as it was justly called, throwing himself down by the side of one set of disheartened men, now of another, cheering them up for the morrow's work and anon leading them himself through the dark in a desperate charge upon the monster gun which was

dealing death upon their ranks, and triumphantly spiking it, reads like the record of some Homeric chieftain, or of an Alexander, a Hannibal or a Caesar come to life again.

When the fighting was over, Sir Henry made a peaceful entry into Lahore to make the treaty which was to give him his name. He received the Maharajah, a child of eight, in Durbar, and describes him both to Queen Victoria and to his wife as 'very beautiful, a brave little boy, acting his part without any fear and with all the good breeding peculiar to eastern people'. This little boy became a great friend of the Hardinge family, frequently staying with them at South Park, and with Sir Henry, and later his elder son, largely reconstructing the East Chapel of Penshurst—now Fordcombe Church. Through this friendship the Maharajah became a Christian.

It is interesting to read that, after the war, Sir Henry notes for Queen Victoria's benefit that the native Army may have its own peculiar dangers in time of peace and these can be met by judicious attention to the interests of the Sepoys and 'by abstaining from all interference in the religious prejudices of the people'.

Before we leave the Indian scene with the party riding peacefully into Lahore, and Charles gazing up at the crowded balconies, his eyes seeking for specimens of eastern loveliness among the ladies thronging there, I must say that as I have read these papers,

Sir Henry and those he loved have emerged more and more clearly from the dust of ancient conflicts. A steady luminosity emanates from Sir Henry's own character.

If his faith had been insecure and its influence on those around him less enduring, had his courage been less sustained and had his cool judgement not moderated his natural fervour, the whole issue of the Indian situation at this date would have been changed. Had he in point of fact given way to the stresses and strains, the quarrels and interference from those round him, both friends and enemies, the whole position could have become as disastrous as that during the fighting in the Crimea at a later date when passions mastered the fighting leaders—and the Indian Empire at this point would have gone down into blood, pillage, and slaughter that could not be controlled. Among the many factors that combined to prevent this, one of the most decisive appears to me to have been Sir Henry's character. He suffered the inner tumult, as we all must if, like him, we are people of deep feeling, but there was that in him which surmounted the feverishness of the moment, and his spirit was trained to dwell both here and in eternity.

When I look at the portraits of Sir Henry, and especially at his shrewd kindly eyes, I believe he can still show us what he would most have wished us to see, and that is what the character of a true English gentleman should be.—*Third Programme*

Two Poems

Waking in Athens

The sunlight slits the blind, a hose
Sneezes against the terrace, blows
Thud on the carpets stretched in rows,
I turn and am awake:

Slowly I snake across the bed
And slowly, slowly raise my head,
Expecting it to ache.

How much it ought to hold, crammed tight,
Of song and drink and words and light,
The flashing debris of the night
Piled in a space so small;
All that had screeched and lurched and whirled,
Strings twanged, hands clicking, glasses hurled
Against the white-washed wall.

Last night I took it all upstairs—
The grinning masks, the lamp that flares,
The sudden brawl with knives and chairs,
All turning in my brain;
The bodies that grow tense and press
As though in some obscene caress,
Half pleasure and half pain;

And then the empty miles of beach,
The helpless striving after speech,
Words grown as vague and out of reach
As Phaleron through the mist;
The taste of salt, the taste of pine,
The sweating face thrust close to mine,
The hand that grips my wrist.

To carry all this through the street
And up the silent house on feet
Whose faltering rhythm seemed to beat
Along my twisted arm,
Felt then a load too great to bear,
Yet now my head is full of air,
Lucidity and calm.

Relieved I quickly rise and throw
The windows back, and find I show
No traces now of drink or blow,
I dress and start the day;
Yet with relief there comes a sense
Of waste, of all experience
Washed uselessly away.

Just as the resin clears the brain
Of every poison, every pain,
Passions I hunger to retain
Are purged as quickly too:
Until that second on the shore
Becomes a thing I feel no more,
And all is blank and new.

FRANCIS KING

Christmas Comet

No fireworks flatter the lake tonight;
Snow falls, deep more than decorative;
Holly extra red this year
Slips now and then, splaying the Christmas cards.

Will the guests come? They'll hardly find
The setting unfamiliar. A dyed candle
Comes unstuck, topples off and breaks;
Odd glasses stare; ash spreads aimlessly.

Yet each at his mirror weighs the odds
On such a gathering. Here a tremor,
There a twitch, omens flicking
The furtive to open up a little.

By plastic crib and circling star
Too terrible for the hands that wrought it,
Let there be born some meeting place,
Some hint of joy not yet impeached

By all that's come and gone. Dearly
Let the kiss be given and taken
As it would. Who knows
What company will appear again?

PATRICIA AVIS

In Defence of the Comprehensive School

By MARGARET MILES

THE Education Act of 1944 was revolutionary. It is difficult for us to realise this fact, because the tradition of our English educational system has always been one of compromise. Compromise and variety. Compromise because we know no system is perfect; variety because of the infinite variety in the children with whom we deal. There is no need for me to remind you how this dual tradition has worked to produce what is probably the most varied educational system in the world. The combination of private and public enterprise, the freedom given to heads of schools to plan their syllabuses, the evolution of ingenious compromises like the Direct Grant list, to take only a few examples, have all made for an amazingly varied pattern to which the Englishman often points with pride, but on which visitors from abroad gaze with uncomprehending bewilderment.

Logical Answer to a Challenge

Even the 1944 Act was itself a compromise, all-party measure, but it was none the less revolutionary because it established the principle of secondary education for all, and that was a departure as radical as any in our educational history. Secondary schools are no longer for the selected few; they have to be provided for all, for all the great variety of ability and aptitude to be found in our child population. The logical answer to this challenge is, I suggest, the common secondary school, offering a wide variety of courses. In the early days following the Act, the terms 'multi-lateral', 'multi-bias', and 'omnibus' were used to describe such schools. But many local education authorities accepted the 'tri-partite' division of education into grammar, technical, and modern, which had been sanctified in the Norwood Report by the now classic description of three types of children. As a result 'multi-lateral' came to lose its meaning, and to be used to describe a tri-lateral school in which there would be a grammar, a technical, and a modern school on one campus, remotely controlled by one head with three, as it were, streamed deputies.

As a protest against this interpretation the L.C.C. Education Committee decided to use the word 'comprehensive' for its new secondary schools, and this has now come into general use. Yet here too our tradition of variety does not play us false. It is as impossible to generalise about comprehensive schools as about any other schools in the English system. The variety of schools sailing under the 'comprehensive' flag is as great as the variety of activities pursued in any one comprehensive school.

In London, which now has twelve comprehensive schools, no two are alike. Some are mixed, some are single sex, some have started from scratch, some have grown on to an established grammar school, some are mergers of secondary modern and secondary central schools, some are on new sites, some on old, and so on. Indeed, when the heads of these schools meet to thrash out common problems, the discussion tends, sometimes, to run along parallel lines which can never meet, because so many of the problems turn out to be not common at all, but local or individual, the result of the varying social, environmental, and educational heritage of the different schools, rather than of their common comprehensiveness.

What, then, makes these schools comprehensive? Chiefly that they are all part of the still developing new tradition of secondary education for all, expressed in the common secondary school. They all contain if not a complete, a very wide, spread of ability, for which they must cater by the variety of opportunity they offer. As a consequence they tend to be fairly big. There is not, there cannot be, a single blue-print for a comprehensive school, and if I now tell you something of my own school, you will know that it is not necessarily true of others, but what I have to say will serve to clothe the skeleton of theory with the flesh and blood of experience.

Mayfield was one of the new secondary schools, now known as grammar schools, founded by the L.C.C. after the 1902 Act; as a grammar school, it has a fine record of achievement, and in October this year it will be fifty years old. It is in good health for this anniversary in spite of the sudden onset of 'middle-age spread' which it suffered in the autumn of 1955. Then, instead of opening the new school year with the usual 90 to 100 bright little new girls, who had all qualified by examination for grammar school places, it received over 400 little new girls, less than a quarter of whom had so qualified and some of whom had I.Q.s in the seventies and eighties. Another 300 new girls of twelve and thirteen years of age, also transferred to the school from secondary modern and central schools, and from private schools. To receive them, new buildings of imaginative design had been provided on the old site, much extended. In the microcosm of this one school we experienced the revolution that was changing the world of secondary education outside. We received for the first time children representing a very wide range of ability, and the school became much bigger.

Prophets of doom foretold that the invasion of a traditionally selective school by a majority of unselected pupils with a wide range of ability would drag our standards down. Such people still seemed to believe that there is a real distinction between the grammar school girl and the others, a distinction which, as someone has said, 'mystically reveals itself at eleven', which makes one wear uniform and the others not, at least not always, which causes the one to do homework and the others not, which means that the one stays at school until sixteen, seventeen, or eighteen, while the others are somehow constitutionally bound to leave at fifteen. Personally I never could understand this attitude. The line which separates the grammar school sheep from the non-grammar goats is, after all, an arbitrary one, and it varies not only from county to county according to the number of grammar school places provided, but from year to year according to the number of the children in the age group. A child, for example, who would have been placed in a grammar school in London five years ago might not be so selected this year; a child living in one county area where the grammar provision is small does not get selected, whereas if she lived a few hundred yards away in another county she would be.

In other words, except for those at either end of the intelligence scale, it is often fortuitous whether a child is in a grammar school or a modern school: and the fact that they then develop differently is due not so much to inborn differences in the children as to the varying demands made on them by the traditions, the aims, and the ethos of their respective schools. One can find support for this view when one looks at what happens in the grammar schools themselves: roughly the same proportion in all grammar schools take G.C.E. even though each school receives a different proportion of the age group according to the policy of its local authority.

Mayfield After Two Years

Anyhow, in autumn, 1955, Mayfield ceased to be selective. It became comprehensive, and the experience of those two years has in no way confirmed the prophets of doom. I know two years is a short time on which to judge, but many details have contributed to the reassuring picture. The neat appearance of all the children in school uniform on the first day dispelled some fears, and the possession by them all of a school satchel for taking work home showed promise of the liquidation of others; but more important, the girls doing grammar school courses have not been tempted to leave early, and their work has not deteriorated—on the contrary. In fact, a greater proportion than ever is staying on to do advanced level work. Naturally, we have some behaviour and discipline problems; but they are not new ones and they are

not concentrated in any one part of the school. Indeed, the levelling has all been up, and the girls have responded to the social and educational demands made on them; many who did not attain a grammar grading in the junior leaving examination are doing very well, and a considerable number of potential sixth-formers is emerging from among them. Girls with low I.Q.s are having the benefit of the well-equipped and well-staffed art, house-craft, and physical-education departments and are proud of their achievements there. It is apparent that girls are just girls, their interests and abilities of infinite variety, and they do not fall conveniently into the grammar, technical, and modern types.

The second great bogey conjured up by the word 'comprehensive' is size. But size is relative, and who can say when big becomes too big? I am sure too much has been made of the supposed unfavourable influence of the mere size of their school on children.

Of course, if the organisation of a school of 500 is complicated and its timetable challenging and time-consuming—as well I know it to be—the organisation and time-table of a school of 1,500 is more so, simply because there is more of it, more staff to discuss with, more figures to tot up, more, in sheer numbers, of everything. What has struck me during these last two years is that the difficulties which have resulted from having trebled our size are organisational and material rather than personal and emotional. They affect the staff more than they affect the girls. I have always been amazed at how little aware the girls are of the total numbers of their fellow pupils. They know their own groups, their form, their teams and so on and do not bother much about the rest. In a comprehensive school such as ours the girls are actually taught in smaller groups than in most secondary schools and even than in some grammar schools. Most of them are taught by a similar number of teachers as in the grammar school and some of them by fewer.

We have certainly had no more girls who have felt lost and frightened since we became comprehensive than there might be in any largeish school, and indeed we have several cases of girls who have found a security and happiness since coming to us which they previously, for varying reasons, sadly lacked. As head of a very large school I cannot claim that I do know every girl, but I am confident that every girl is known by someone and that they know me, and I am continually surprised by the number I do know, and pleased by the uninhibited and friendly way the girls talk to me when I meet them as I walk about the school.

Bigness can make for difficulty of communication, again not in the personal sense of contact between teacher and taught or between head and staff, which in a comprehensive school, as in any other, depends on the personalities involved but in sheer physical



Mid-morning break at Kidbrooke Comprehensive School for girls: in the background is the assembly hall

practicability. Large numbers mean more widespread buildings and (in spite of a public address system, talkbacks, and so on) it is not always easy to get the people or things one wants as quickly as one wants them. Most comprehensive schools have some sort of house system which may help to counteract some of the snags of size, but I am not a great believer in this device unless the buildings provide physical bases for the houses.

There has been so much uninformed criticism of comprehensive schools that those who work in them habitually find themselves rushing to their defence, meeting the well-worn charges of levelling down standards and of being too large and therefore inhuman. But in this well-worn argument the positive advantages of a non-selective large secondary school like Mayfield are not given their due weight and these surely should be decisive. The overwhelming advantage to my mind is that no assumptions are made at the age of eleven as to the length or kind of secondary school course to be pursued by any child. Once in the comprehensive school the sky is the limit and it is up to the child to fly as high as possible. The opportunities are there. Some can enter the rarefied upper atmosphere of the academic world, others may stay happily in the more ordinary air of the practical world; others will keep themselves pretty near the ground; while many will find their levels at varying stages between all three, as a result not of their ability to 'pass the eleven-plus' but of their own efforts as they progress up the school.

In practice, schools vary very much in their inter-



Tennis in front of the new school buildings at Mayfield Comprehensive School for girls, Putney

Photographs: Henry Grant

pretation of this principle. Some try to grade the children on ability as they enter the school and then shift them up as soon as they get too bright for the rest of their group. Personally I do not think this is the right use of the continuing opportunity the comprehensive school offers. It means that for every move 'up' which is recognised as a 'good' there must be a corresponding move 'down' which by implication is therefore bad, and so the idea of selection and rejection creeps in. It seems to me that on admission the children should be arranged in parallel groups of reasonably mixed ability, pursuing as far as possible a common curriculum for as long as possible until definite choices of additional subjects and special courses can be made—probably at the end of the third year. Latin has to be begun by some before this, but if possible this should be arranged so that there is no violent breaking-up of form units in a school where these have social significance. It may be necessary to move a few girls who have been obviously misplaced before the third year, but I firmly believe that this should not be done too freely. Talk of easy transfer at any and every stage within the comprehensive school seems to me to imply too definite a division of the school into labelled streams.

The important thing surely is that opportunity is there for the girls to undertake the course for which they are suitable when the right time comes without changing schools, whatever label they gained in the Junior Leaving Examination.

Are there positive advantages in being big? Size can give dignity to an institution and it can give stimulus and a sense of adventure. It certainly is a stimulating and exhilarating experience to be part of a staff of a hundred or so. The numerous talents and interests, the differing personalities, and the wide range of experience represented on my staff make them as lively a group of women, and men, with high professional standards and an imaginative approach to their work, as can be found anywhere. A further positive advantage of a few large schools rather than more smaller ones is that especially equipped rooms can be more generously provided and more economically used.

I must mention one difficulty which is arising in connection with comprehensive schools. Their recruitment of pupils must be

so arranged that each school has a balanced intake and so preserves its comprehensive character. In my own neighbourhood this admirable objective has caused much heartbreak because it has been necessary to reject girls of good ability in favour of girls of less ability in order to prevent the school from becoming a super-selective grammar-cum-central school. Ideally a comprehensive school should, I suppose, be a neighbourhood school—and should obtain its balanced intake naturally. But in London there are many circumstances which complicate the pattern, so that some schools are over-subscribed with abler children and others with less able, and various devices have to be applied to create or preserve balance. One might put the difficulty paradoxically by saying that we are sometimes compelled to select in order to remain non-selective.

In much discussion on secondary education there is a tendency to compare a comprehensive school with a grammar school. It is implied that whereas a grammar school is homogeneous and therefore all its pupils do Latin, go to the university, give up television for homework, a comprehensive school is heterogeneous and therefore fragmented because of the diffuseness of its aims. The truth is that most grammar schools contain only a few real scholars whilst the rest of the pupils have widely varying interests and abilities and long- or short-term objectives. One of the advantages of a comprehensive school over the average grammar school seems to me to be that its heterogeneous character is recognised and allowed for, whereas in a grammar school it is veiled so that the average girl who finds herself in a grammar school is often regarded as a dud. She may even leave early because her needs are not recognised by the school.

At last, however, many people are beginning to recognise that the needs of the pupils do not vary so much from school to school as from pupil to pupil within the same school. Schools are becoming as mixed as the tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical pastoral dramas of Polonius' court players. Is, then, the answer to comprehend? I believe it is if we are really to stand by the principle of secondary education for all, enshrined in the Act of 1944.—*Third Programme*

Freud, Marx, and Responsibility—III

Motives and Morality

By RICHARD PETERS

IN these talks I have concentrated so far on half-truths from Freud and Marx which have led people to think that if causes can be found for their actions, then their responsibility for them is diminished. I wish here to discuss the relevance of the theories of Freud and Marx to morality; for there is a very widespread view that we are not responsible in our dealings with each other for the standards which we observe—or fail to observe. Freud and Marx, it is argued, have shown that these are the product either of our social class or of our childhood conditioning.

On the face of it there is nothing very novel or surprising in this suggestion. Standards must be passed on somehow. What more natural than that we should pick up the standards of our associates or parents? A middle-class man, who has been to a public school, will find it difficult to disregard the emphasis on fair play, loyalty to the side, honesty, and courage. From his parents, too, he will have learnt that he must not steal, cheat, or be cruel to cats. Freud's theory that such standards are 'introjected', that the nagging of conscience is the forbidding voice of the father, seems no more than an elaboration of the obvious. Clearly, traditions cannot be handed on without some sort of mechanism; they do not float from man to man like threads of gossamer.

The theory becomes much less obvious if it is thought to apply to moral standards; for by morality, as distinct from tradition or custom, we do not mean just doing the 'done' thing—what our parents or associates have told us. We mean conforming to standards which we have thought about before accepting them as our own. A reasoned decision not to smoke, because of its demonstrated effects, is different from an irrational objection to

smoking, handed on from father to son. Freud's theory of conscience, which he called the 'super-ego', seems to account for the stage when children feel irrational guilt about breaking rules that are externally imposed and whose validity they do not question. None of us altogether lose our childhood attitude to rules. But if by moral standards we mean those that we adopt because we see the point of them rather than merely as a result of our upbringing or class, it should follow that the causal theories of Marx and Freud do not in any way undermine our responsibility for them. After all, if a belief has good grounds to support it, there is little point in speculating about its causes. The wrongness of breaking promises is unaffected by the fact that our feeling of guilt about breaking them may have causes. Indeed it would be surprising if it had not. The point is whether, whatever our parents say, it is wrong to break promises. We, as moral beings, have to decide and stand by our decision. That is where our responsibility comes in. If there are, in general, good reasons for keeping promises—as there obviously are—and someone suggests that our duty to keep them was drummed into us at a public school, or at our mother's knee, the appropriate answer is: 'So what?', or: 'How thoughtful of them'.

But the matter is not as simple as this. If Freud and Marx had provided merely a rather laboured glimpse into the obvious origins of customary conduct, they would not have done so much to encourage the belief that we are not responsible for our standards. They were both well aware that men develop arguments and systems of thought to justify their conduct and they sometimes used the words 'ideology' and 'rationalisation' to describe such

arguments. Both these terms made, as it were, double-barrelled suggestions; for they implied that there was something suspect about the justification, and that this could be detected by looking at the causal realities beneath the appearances. It was significant, Marx thought, that the Puritan gave religious reasons for adopting the virtues of thrift, hard work, enterprise, and respect for property—all of which were essential for furthering his economic interests. The Liberal, too, extolled liberty; like John Stuart Mill he might even write an impassioned and elaborate defence of it. But, said Marx, these arguments were a façade which hid the economic necessity of the exploiting class to be unhampered in their economic expansion. The Liberal was not necessarily a hypocrite—merely the victim of economic forces which he could neither understand nor control.

Freud had a similar view of the contrast between the façade and the reality, namely: man's primary necessity to defend himself against threats from his own insistent wishes. To satisfy these—even to voice them—might call down disapproval, punishment, or worse upon his head. So he dealt with them by taking into himself his parents' prohibitions: what Freud called a reaction-formation. Or he might rationalise his conduct; compromise with these dangerous wishes by satisfying them under the cloak of socially acceptable reasons. Justice, said Freud, is such an excuse. We defend our social arrangements by stressing the importance of fair shares for all. But, so Freud claimed, underlying this type of justification is the insistence that, as we cannot get all we want for ourselves, others shall not have more than we do. More obvious examples, perhaps, would be that of the schoolmaster who cloaks his sadism with the theory that corporal punishment usually has beneficial effects; or the claim often imputed to Henry VIII that he was only interested in producing an heir; or the plaintive cry of the girl in trouble: 'He seduced me'.

These theories imply that justifications are merely excuses for what we are going to do anyway. This sort of explanation, or exposure, of people's protestations is, no doubt, often relevant and salutary. But the mistake is to assume that it is always relevant. Of course people are *sometimes* obsessed or driven by hidden fears and wishes to adopt various beliefs. But it only seems relevant to probe into these causes when they hold their beliefs against all the evidence—like the obsessive who believes that his hands are dirty—or when they cling passionately to beliefs for which no reason could possibly be produced. The causes of a belief must be distinguished from its grounds; and it seems only relevant to speculate about causes when there are no grounds.

Common-sense Tests

We have, as a matter of fact, plenty of common-sense tests for deciding whether a person is merely giving a rationalisation, or whether his standards are an ideology—to use the Marxist jargon. We confront him with arguments. If it could be shown for instance, in the case of corporal punishment, that in general little benefit to the boy resulted, and if the schoolmaster still advocated corporal punishment as a panacea for childhood aberrations, we would begin to say that his reasons were, in fact, rationalisations. It would be obvious that considerations which were logically relevant to his belief in no way affected his belief. Here, as in the cases in my last talk of compelling causes, we are dealing with exceptional cases, with unalterable beliefs which are the products of certain sorts of causes. But it would be logically absurd to say that all beliefs were of this sort, that all principles were ideologies, all reasons rationalisations. For then this sort of distinction itself would be nonsensical. It is only because people sometimes give genuine reasons for their beliefs, because they are sometimes prepared to change them in the light of logically relevant considerations, that it makes sense to talk of rationalisations—and of reasons. Terms like 'rationalisation' and 'ideology', which cast aspersions on beliefs, are verbal parasites. They only flourish because common experience has provided hosts in the form of rational beliefs and genuine principles.

And just as in my last talk* I showed that the mere production of causes by itself never establishes that a man is not responsible for his actions, so also it is obvious that the mere production of causes is never sufficient in itself to cast aspersions on a belief. A story from Arthur Koestler sums up my point rather neatly:

Pythagoras, it is supposed, was drawing triangles in the sand. A friend came up and sat by him and Pythagoras said: 'I don't know why I keep on drawing these triangles. They worry me and fascinate me'. His friend asked shrewdly: 'What is your relationship like with your wife?' Pythagoras looked a bit downcast and mumbled that he feared her affections were straying. 'Aha!' said his friend: 'I now see why you can't keep your mind off those triangles'. 'I suppose you are right', said Pythagoras. He then got up and did nothing further about developing his theorem. Many a decent man has wanted to do something worth while but has had his confidence undermined by irrelevant remarks like: 'You only do it because you unconsciously need approval'—as if his unconscious had anything to do with the worthwhileness of what he intended.

Two Puritanical Men

Yet, as a matter of fact, I think that the last thing that Freud or Marx intended was to undermine morality or to suggest that men can never take responsibility for their standards. Both were rather puritanical men, demanding an unusually high standard of integrity from their colleagues and from themselves. They both shared the scientific humanism of the nineteenth century and thought that men could be freed, to a certain extent, from the forces which worked beneath the surface by coming to understand them. As Freud put it: 'We have no other means of controlling our instincts than our intelligence'.

Marx was opposed mainly to moralising rather than to morality. He thought that preaching was not simply an ineffective way of dealing with evils but was a substitute for doing something about them. He distrusted the moral indignation of the bourgeois reformer; for he thought that his moralising was a way of delaying the inevitable overthrow of bourgeois society. Doing something about evils meant, for Marx, understanding their economic causes and working to shorten and lessen the agony of an age that was passing. He believed ardently in the genuine principles of equality and fraternity which could flourish only when the system of exploitation of man by man had been replaced by the classless society. Admittedly, he was rather hazy about the distinction between ideologies and genuine principles. He assumed some sort of connection between genuine principles and the practical scientific outlook; but he was not at all clear about what this connection was.

Freud was equally unclear in his conception of what he called 'the psychological ideal—the primacy of the intelligence'. Like Marx he thought that he could help people to shake off their servitude to the dark forces which possessed them by introducing them to the reality beneath the appearances. But he never worked out the precise relationship between this 'education to reality' and morality. Indeed, in a letter to a friend he confessed that he could subscribe to the maxim that 'what is moral is self-evident'. 'I believe', he said, 'that in a sense of justice and consideration for others, in disliking making others suffer or taking advantage of them, I can measure myself with the best people I have known'. People who say that moral principles are self-evident often mean that no further reasons can be given for them. But perhaps they sometimes mean that the reasons for them are so obvious that they hardly need mentioning. Freud probably fell in this second category; for he stated that there were such good reasons for behaving decently that it was a pity to rest morality on a religious basis. In his view, there were not such good reasons for belief in God, and if people got wise to this and thought also that decency depended on a belief in God, they would—mistakenly—throw morality overboard with their religion.

Freud believed, above all things, in integrity and intelligence. His aim in analysis was not to deprive people of standards or to explain them away, but to bring people to choose their own. By revealing the infantile sources of many of the demands people made on themselves and on others, he was able to help them to stand on their own feet and to take responsibility for their own lives. The burden of the message of both Marx and Freud was that a man who understands the causes of social evils and personal predicaments is in a position to do something about them. Understanding paves the way for action as well as for sympathy. Neither of them would have had much sympathy for those who, understanding such causes, merely look back in anger.

—Home Service

NEWS DIARY

July 3-9

Wednesday, July 3

The Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party dismisses Mr. Malenkov, Mr. Molotov, and Mr. Kaganovich from the Party Praesidium, and Mr. Shepilov from his post as Secretary of the Central Committee

Commonwealth Prime Ministers discuss economic and financial matters at their conference in London

A giant eruption on the face of the sun interferes with radio communications

Thursday, July 4

Prime Minister announces that the Government proposes that M.P.s should receive £1,750 a year, that Junior Ministers should have an increase of salary, and that peers should be entitled to draw an expenses allowance

The National Union of Railwaymen is to seek a forty-hour week

The Chairman of the National Coal Board says that increasing absenteeism in the pits is causing anxiety

Friday, July 5

The Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference ends and a *communiqué* is published referring to the subjects discussed

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is installed as the first President of the multi-racial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland

The ashes of Dr. Gilbert Murray are interred in Westminster Abbey

Saturday, July 6

In a speech in Leningrad Mr. Khrushchev accuses the dismissed Soviet leaders of trying to change the party line

The last British troops leave Jordan after handing over the Akaba base

High temperatures are recorded throughout Europe and Paris records its highest night temperature for eighty years

Sunday, July 7

The Prime Minister broadcasts on the Commonwealth Conference (see page 39)

Sir John Harding, the Governor of Cyprus, sees members of the Cabinet at No. 10 Downing Street

Sixty members of Sinn Fein are detained in various parts of Eire

Monday, July 8

Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin leave Moscow for Prague

Mr. de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire, invokes special powers against illegal military bodies

Tuesday, July 9

Transport and General Workers Union rejects principle of wage restraint

French National Assembly approves treaty establishing common market in Europe



Lord Cherwell who died on July 3, aged seventy-one. He was Sir Winston Churchill's scientific adviser in peace and in war. Formerly Professor Frederick Lindemann, he occupied the Chair of Experimental Philosophy at the University of Oxford from 1919 to 1956. His association with Sir Winston dated from the first world war when Professor Lindemann was in charge of the R.F.C. physical laboratory; during the second war they worked in close collaboration. When the Conservatives returned to power in 1951 Lord Cherwell (he had been made a peer in 1941) joined Sir Winston's cabinet with responsibility for supervising atomic energy matters





Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother was installed as first President of the new multiracial University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland on July 5. Her Majesty is seen, after the ceremony, talking to Dr. Walter Adams, the Principal of the College

Left: two asses wandering among the ruins of a village near Tehran after last week's disastrous earthquake in northern Persia. Early this week the official death-roll was 2,000



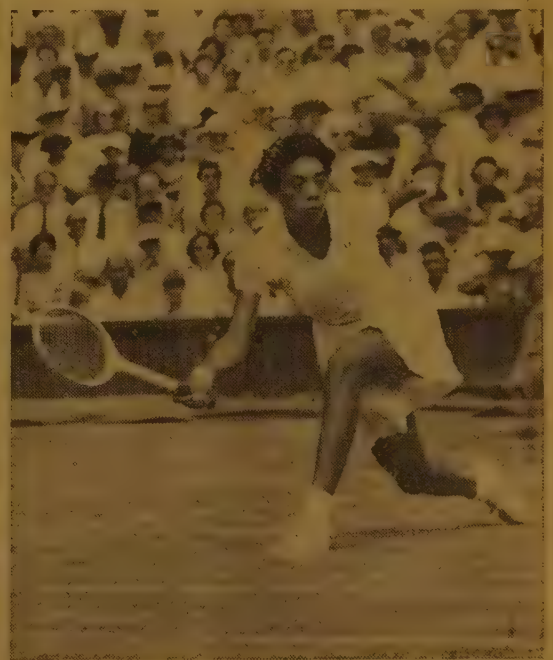
A. D. Locke of South Africa playing in the Open Golf Championship at St. Andrews, Scotland, last week, which he won with an aggregate of 279 for the four rounds. He has won the championship four times

Left: S. A. Mackenzie of Australia winning the final of the Diamond Sculls from V. Ivanov of Russia on the last day of the Henley Royal Regatta on July 6



Lew Hoad (Australia) playing against his fellow-countryman, Ashley Cooper, in the final of the men's singles at Wimbledon on July 5. Hoad won the title for the second year running, beating Cooper 6-2, 6-1, 6-2

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh photographed during their three-hour tour of the Royal Show (the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society) at Costessey, near Norwich, on July 3. Earlier the Queen and the Duke had watched prizewinning British cattle being paraded before them in the ring. The Duke is this year's President of the Society. Forty-four thousand people were at the Show on the day of the royal visit



Althea Gibson (U.S.A.) winning the final of the women's singles on July 6. She beat her compatriot, Darlene Hard, 6-3, 6-2. Miss Gibson received her trophy from the Queen, who was visiting Wimbledon for the first time since her accession

Party Political Broadcast

Security for the Elderly

A discussion introduced on behalf of the Labour Party by ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN, M.P.

WEDGWOOD BENN: Recently the Labour Party's National Executive Committee published a policy statement called 'National Superannuation'. We propose an immediate increase of £1 a week in the basic rate of old-age pension, full transferability of all pension rights, and a new scheme which would permanently safeguard pensions from the effects of rising prices. When this scheme is in full operation, it would give half-pay pensions to the average wage earner.

Tonight*, two members of the National Executive Committee, the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Deputy Leader of the Labour Party, and Mr. Richard Crossman, discuss the scheme with Miss Anne Godwin, General Secretary of the Clerical and Administrative Workers' Union, and a member of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress.

James Griffiths: We're very glad, Anne Godwin, that you've been able to come along to discuss Labour's new superannuation plan with Dick Crossman and myself.

Anne Godwin: And I'm very glad to be here. The trade unions, as you know, are not committed to the party scheme at this stage: we want to give it more detailed consideration, in consultation with our members. But we are very, very interested in it, and we regard it as an issue of the first importance.

Richard Crossman: If I may say so, you were a great help in helping us to work it out.

James Griffiths: We've chosen this day for this broadcast because it was exactly nine years ago that a national scheme came into full operation. That was a very great venture—to try and bring everybody in the population within the cover of a comprehensive social security plan. To provide for the adversities of life, sickness, unemployment and the rest, and at the same time to provide that old people, after giving their whole life in service to the nation, should have at the end of their days an old-age pension that would guarantee them at least a minimum standard of life. What Beveridge called 'a subsistence pension'. Now we realised that a scheme of this kind, as it worked out, was bound to reveal defects and shortcomings, so we planned that at the end of five years there would be a full review. The present Government did not make a very good job of this, for it is clear to all of us that there are serious shortcomings in the scheme, and that in particular its provisions in regard to old-age pensions are not entirely satisfactory.

Anne Godwin: There can be no doubt about that. We in the trade unions, as you know, want to retain the insurance principle as laid down in the present scheme, because we feel that in this way the worker retains an absolute right to his pension. But the faults in the present scheme are obvious: for one thing, inflation has completely undermined the value of the present pensions, and, apart from that, I doubt whether the worker nowadays is content with a pension that leaves him at a bare subsistence level.

Richard Crossman: Yes, one has only to consider what the actual conditions of our old people are in the nineteen-fifties to realise that it's literally true that one must talk about grinding poverty in the world today—among millions of old-age pensioners. Indeed, you know, just take one example, the survey taken by the Civic Welfare Officer of Salford; it's a terrible indictment of our society because it describes the diet of the old-age pensioner as potatoes, bread, and more potatoes, for those who are proud enough to conceal their poverty. That's a scandal which has just got to be redressed by the next Labour Government.

James Griffiths: Yes, and it isn't only that one in four of our old-age pensioners have to ask for assistance—there are many thousands more who ought to get it but are too proud to ask. And, moreover, there is the other point, and that is that the pension today is, as a proportion of earnings, lower than it was in 1946, and even lower than it was before the war. This is what happens: one week a man is at work, and he's got his wages; the next week he retires and he has only got his pension, and the drop from earnings to pension is getting bigger all the time. Now, trade unions, and others in employment can try, at any rate, to keep up with the cost of living by increased wages, but the old-age pensioner has no one but the state to look to and to depend upon.

Anne Godwin: But even the trade unions can't hold their responsibilities as having ended with satisfactory conditions for those in employment. They are equally concerned with workers in their retirement. This question of getting an adequate pension is of increasing concern and interest to all types of workers. Already some 8,000,000 are covered by private pension schemes, through their employment, and this number is growing.

Richard Crossman: And this fact, you know, of the 8,000,000 who are covered only increases the gravity of the problem. Because you've got a tremendous difference now between two communities in old age—the privileged, fortunate community who's on superannuation, and the unprivileged, unfortunate majority who have no chance whatsoever of being members of a superannuation scheme. We needn't quote too many figures, but that's roughly the proportion: one-third on superannuation, two-thirds out, who must rely on national insurance.

Anne Godwin: One must be careful, of course, not to overstate the position. A number of these private pensions are totally inadequate.

James Griffiths: Yes, you're quite right, Anne, and that's why we want to make sure that as a right of citizenship, as a right, old people have an adequate pension in their old age. And that's what we've been working on.

Now Dick, as Chairman of the Labour Party's Working Party on Social Insurance, what are the conclusions we arrived at from our study?

Richard Crossman: We can sum them up, I think, by saying that we have the choice, as one so often has, the choice of trying to level up or

to level down. We could either try and discourage private pension schemes and bring everybody down to the flat-rate pension, or we could decide to raise everybody up, and to make sure that for those who haven't got a sound private scheme, a national scheme shall be open to them. That, in a nutshell, is what we mean by national superannuation.

James Griffiths: Yes, but we can't start from scratch, we've got the National Insurance Scheme, so the problem is how to graft a new scheme on to the old scheme, for surely we can't abolish the National Insurance Scheme, it's a job of bringing the two together, isn't it?

Richard Crossman: And I think the simplest way of explaining to our listeners how we've done it is to remind them how a good, sound private scheme works. What happens is that each week the worker contributes a percentage of his earnings, and the employer caps that sometimes with an equal amount, sometimes with a good deal more, and the joint contributions are then paid into a fund which is usually administered by trustees or by an insurance company. Anyway, whichever way it works, the amount of your superannuation when you retire is determined by the amount you've paid in to the fund. Actually, in the example which our experts have worked out every worker will pay three per cent. of his earnings, the employer will pay 5 per cent., and the state will pay 2 per cent.—that is making 10 per cent. in all.

James Griffiths: Well now, that means that we're keeping the system of contributions, the three-fold contributions, from the worker, from the employer, and from the state.

Richard Crossman: Yes—that's where our scheme differs from private superannuation schemes: we have three. And out of the 10 per cent. we get from the three our technical experts suggest that we can provide pensions of roughly half-pay for the average worker—a good deal more than half-pay for the poorer-paid worker, and a little less than half-pay for the higher paid worker.

Anne Godwin: All this, of course, means a drastic alteration to the existing scheme, which provides for a flat-rate pension and other benefits in exchange for a flat-rate contribution. Now, don't you think that we ought now to consider what this change means to the average worker?

James Griffiths: Yes. Well now, shall we leave on one side, for the moment, those who are in private superannuation schemes. Now the new plan means that a man who is in a job without superannuation automatically joins the national superannuation scheme and he will then pay two contributions. First, there will be the contribution to maintain his right under National Insurance, for sickness and unemployment benefit, and then each week he will pay a percentage of his earnings—3 per cent. has been suggested—as a new contribution for a pension that will be related to his earnings.

Anne Godwin: Yes, but what people will want to know is, what the effect of the proposal will

be. Will he have to pay a heavier contribution?

Richard Crossman: In the case of a higher-paid worker, Miss Godwin, the answer's yes. Of course, really for the higher-paid worker the burden he's been paying for National Insurance pension has been very small. But take a £12 a week man: under national superannuation he'll pay 3s. 8d. a week more for all his insurance benefits, including superannuation, than he does at present. But of course, in return, when the scheme is in full operation, he'll be drawing £7 a week instead of the present £2. And that seems to me not too bad a bargain in exchange for 3s. 8d. a week more contribution.

James Griffiths: I agree, but what about the lower-paid worker?

Richard Crossman: Well, in the case of anybody under £6 a week they'll pay no increase at all. In the case of £8, it does go up to 1s. 4d., but then again the £8 a week man in return, after a full working life, would draw a £5 a week pension.

Anne Godwin: All this, of course, you'll agree, is the long-term view. But meanwhile we've got an immediate problem to face, haven't we, and that is the problem of those who are already on pension.

Richard Crossman: And who, of course, therefore can't become members of national superannuation. And that's why the National Executive decided to give them the biggest increase possible in the present flat-rate pension. And we decided to raise it by £1 a week, so that everybody now getting £2 a week will get £3 a week under our scheme. That's the first proposal. But there's a second proposal which is equally important: we want to guarantee that this basic pension in future will automatically be adjusted with the cost of living, if prices rise. So when we say we're offering £1 a week increase, what we're really offering is to raise the pension by 50 per cent. and then keep its purchasing power fixed and unaffected, whatever happens. And I believe that's the biggest guarantee that you can give to any pensioner, the guarantee against inflation.

Anne Godwin: There will be another problem, won't there? What one might call an intermediate problem; and that is the position of the older worker—say the worker of forty or forty-five years of age—who will not have sufficient time to qualify under the new scheme: you'll have to fit him in somewhere.

James Griffiths: Yes, I know. Now this is the biggest difficulty in starting a new scheme—how to fit in the older worker. But I think we've come to a fair solution of this problem, because we've been able to graft the new scheme on to the old scheme. National superannuation will be in two parts: on the one hand there will be the flat-rate pension of £3 and then, added to that, will be the pension based on the number of years the contributor has paid into national superannuation. Take a worker at forty-five years of age, when the new scheme starts. He will have twenty years during which he'll be paying contributions, and adding to the pension he can get, in addition, and over, the £3 basic pension which we provide as well.

Anne Godwin: Now there is another question, isn't there? Up to the present we've been talking about the scheme mainly as it affects the male worker. But, of course, there are the women—how do they come off under your scheme?

Richard Crossman: I think our proposals for

women are the boldest and probably the most controversial part of the scheme. They're rather complicated, too. Let me try and simplify them. Take first the woman who works throughout her life: now she's going to have complete and absolute equality with men—she'll pay the contributions, she'll draw the benefits, she'll be a full member of national superannuation. Now, take a married woman: just imagine that she worked four or five years before she married, then she looked after the children, then when the children were off and earning for themselves, she went back to work for three or four years. Say she did ten years' work. Now she's going in future to be able to draw ten years' worth of old-age pension in addition to her husband's pension. It's a very important point, I think. Now take, lastly, the woman who doesn't go out to work. She's unaffected because she continues to draw the dependent wife's allowance as at present, and that dependent wife's allowance will, in our scheme, be the minimum—no woman's pension will fall below that point. Then just a word about widows: that's a very complicated part of the scheme; but, broadly speaking, we're going to arrange that the widow's pension is assessed both on her own earnings and on her husband's earnings, as is logical under national superannuation.

Anne Godwin: Can we go back for a moment to the point that was touched on earlier, and that is the position of those who are already in private pension schemes. They, as you will appreciate, have already contributed sums of money, probably for a number of years, and they are requiring certain rights. The unions will be most anxious to know that those rights are going to be safeguarded.

James Griffiths: Yes, I'm very glad you've raised that question for it is very important, and we want to reassure all those who are in private schemes that we, indeed, want to preserve their rights. Let me explain what we propose to do. If a person is in a private superannuation scheme when our new plan starts, he'll be exempt from joining the national superannuation scheme if his own scheme satisfies certain conditions. Now, first, his scheme must compare in its contributions and benefits not unfavourably with those provided in our scheme. And secondly, he must have the right to transfer his accrued pension rights. This is very important. We know of people who've paid twenty and twenty-five and thirty years to a scheme, and then when they change their jobs they lose everything. We therefore lay down quite definitely that there must be the right of transfer of his pension rights.

Richard Crossman: So what that comes to, you know, is that national superannuation will bring an enormous benefit even to those people who don't join it. Even those people who prefer to stay in a sound private scheme, are, as the result of our scheme, going to be given transferability of rights which exists practically nowhere in Britain today.

James Griffiths: That's quite right. Now there is a third thing which I must make clear, and that is that from the day the new scheme starts people in factories and workshops where there is a private scheme will have the right to choose to join the national scheme, if they want to. We believe that it is essential for us to preserve those rights for the individual worker, in every factory and workshop and in the country.

Anne Godwin: You realise, don't you, that this is an aspect that has received a lot of attention in the press? I think on the whole it would be fair to say, wouldn't it, that the scheme has had a good press. But there have been criticisms. For example, it's been suggested that the whole thing is just 'pie in the sky'—something in the future.

Richard Crossman: I must say, Miss Godwin, that seems to me pretty unreasonable, you know. Here's an absolutely concrete scheme, which certainly has its long-term plan for the young but also has the immediate promise of £1 a week for every pensioner—that's not 'pie in the sky'.

James Griffiths: No, and moreover we made it clear from the beginning that this is a contributory scheme. Indeed, people will have to pay bigger contributions; and we made it clear to the nation that we must ourselves make up our minds that a bigger part of our national income is provided for these old people. And that's why we intend to build up a fund to support this scheme.

Dick, explain how the fund that we establish under this new plan will work.

Richard Crossman: Under any pension plan, whether private or public, you're bound in the early stages, the first twenty years of a plan, to have your contributions exceeding your benefits; but, of course, the young people have got to pay in before they get old. Well now, the question is what to do with that surplus. This is a point on which Mr. Macmillan himself has been very curious. We've said that that surplus, which we reckon will be a considerable sum of £200,000,000 a year, probably, should be paid into a national pensions fund, to be completely under the control of trustees.

James Griffiths: Will these trustees be independent of the Government? It's essential to get that clear.

Richard Crossman: Yes, that's exactly the point which the Tories are pressing us on, and it's perfectly clear that they're going to be independent, and solely concerned with the good of the pensioners and with the good of the pension fund. What we have insisted on, and what alarms some of the Tories, is that they should have the same right—not more—but the same right of investment as any private insurance company. We said that, just as private insurance companies can spread their investments over gilt-edge securities, and equities as well, we believe our national pension fund must be entitled to do that, because we want to see members of the fund enjoying the fruits of an expanding economy. And to do that they must have the full right to invest in all forms of investment.

Anne Godwin: Well, quite obviously, there's plenty of room here for further discussion. And there are, of course, all those other aspects of social insurance. We in the trade unions regard it as important; we think that a man who is unemployed or sick is equally in need of support as the man who is going on pension, and this is an aspect to which the party will quite obviously have to pay some attention.

Richard Crossman: Yes, and we've got down to the job already. Because we realise that if we have made this firm proposal to raise the rate of the basic pension by £1 a week it would be quite intolerable not to have a substantial increase in sickness benefit, unemployment benefit, and certainly in National Assistance for the existing pensioners, for instance, who aren't

eligible under National Insurance. So, we're clear on all that, but we're working it out now, and we shall be reporting to next year's conference on that subject.

James Griffiths: This is our first instalment,

* *National Superannuation*, price 1s. 6d., obtainable from any local Labour Party or bookstall, or 2s. post paid direct from Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.1

and we want the discussion to proceed. We want your views and your comments. We've only been able to cover a few of the details. We hope you'll buy the pamphlet.* And if you can't get it in any shop in your town or village, send a letter,

with a 2s. postal order, and I'll see that you get a copy; for we're anxious that this, between us, shall be made into the finest and biggest and best national superannuation plan in the whole world.

The Task of the Commonwealth

(continued from page 43)

and prestige do not rest only on military might and size of empire.

It must also be realised that in the atomic age it is futile to think in terms of defending either Britain or the Commonwealth with any success against the atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb. Association with America gives no more guarantee of successful survival in an atomic war than association with Britain. And now Britain has the bomb, too. The bomb is only a deterrent but it is not an answer. Professor Underhill's contention therefore, that military considerations will lead to the dilution of the Commonwealth and direct all roads to Washington, is not in keeping with the implications of the atomic era.

India and the Commonwealth

Above all, let us ask why India continues to remain in the Commonwealth. She is not in Seato, she is not in the Baghdad Pact, she has no military alliance either with Great Britain or with the United States. She has her differences with South Africa and with Pakistan; and recently she has had sharp differences with Britain herself. A great wave of national anger swept over the land at British action and especially British initiative in the Security Council in January this year. Opposition parties belonging both to the right and the left clamoured for India's quitting the Commonwealth and many in the ruling Congress Party itself were in sympathy with this demand. Yet Mr. Nehru remained firm, India stays in the Commonwealth, and her Prime Minister is now in London occupying his place at the Commonwealth Conference table. Why? I do not think Professor Underhill's thesis gives an answer; I am afraid many even in Britain do not realise why India continues to stay in the Commonwealth.

India stays in the Commonwealth partly, no doubt, for reasons of national interest. There are economic ties that bind her to Britain and there are also some political advantages. As against this there are also some political disadvantages; while the economic ties do not need the Commonwealth connection for their retention. Nevertheless India stays in the Commonwealth, and her Prime Minister showed exemplary courtesy in the recent incident involving an attack on the Queen in a Congress Party newspaper. Journals supporting the ruling political party in England have showered on Mr. Nehru choice epithets that have certainly offended the Indian people; and Mr. Nehru is held in as much affection and esteem in India as the Queen is held in Britain. Yet no leader of the ruling party in Britain has ever thought even of deprecating these attacks on the Prime Minister of the most populous Commonwealth member, let alone of apologising for them;

while Mr. Nehru went out of his way to apologise for an article which he had never seen and which was published in a party magazine that he has had nothing to do with either in management or in editing. Why did he do this: and why did the Indian people not repudiate him for what many regarded as excessive courtesy at the expense of the dignity of the high office in which he represents the Indian people?

My answer to this question is that it is because India has a genuine regard for her Commonwealth connection, especially her link with Britain. No doubt India had to struggle for her freedom from Britain; and many of her sons and daughters went to gaol and some lost their lives. No doubt the record of British rule in India was not all bright, though perhaps not as black as Indians represented it to be during the days when they were struggling for national independence. But the nation never hated Britain. Mahatma Gandhi said not one offensive word to any Englishman nor did he ever preach hatred for the British people: and he set the tone for the Indian attitude to Britain. When we did get our freedom, and by negotiation and not violence, India completely erased from her memory all the unpleasant things which the book of British rule had contained. Instead she re-discovered the pleasant things and took pride in her association with the ideas and institutions of political freedom and democracy that are so unquestionably the British contribution to the story of human civilisation.

Spiritual Tie

Not only that: India practises them. As Lord Attlee has been saying so frequently, India today is the largest working and operating democracy in the world. She has had two general elections already and her people have taken to the British type of democracy almost as a duck would take to the water. There are more Englishmen in India today than there were in the heyday of British rule in this country; and there is more appreciation today of British thought and ways of life than there ever was in the past. With Britain fast shedding her colonial heritage and with the Commonwealth adding to its roll more African and Asian members, a new era is opening for Britain's leadership and influence on the world stage. It is this ideological identity that ties India to Britain. If you do not mind my using such a phrase, the tie is spiritual rather than material. It rests in the world of ideas and attitudes rather than in that of commodities and services. The sooner this is realised by the British people the better it would be not only for the enduring stability of the Commonwealth but also for enabling the British nation to obtain that place of prestige and influence, in

fact, leadership of the world stage, which the Indian people, for one, would certainly not grudge her.

A Coloured Mosaic

I do not think that all Commonwealth roads must lead to Washington nor that the Commonwealth must lean on the United States for its security. I believe that the Commonwealth will grow in number and prestige and would stand out in the world as a mosaic of white, brown, black, and yellow peoples of sovereign nations linked in freedom and democracy. It will no longer be Empire-Commonwealth; it will just be a Commonwealth; and the Empire, to the extent that it remains a memory, will be a selective memory of pleasant things characteristic of the best of British culture and civilisation rather than the unpleasant concomitants of colonial rule. The Commonwealth is standing for racial equality, peace among nations, and economic development of the underdeveloped countries of the world; and it will also work for them as long as it is necessary to do so. In such a Commonwealth, Britain will rank as leader by virtue both of her seniority and of her contribution, political and economic, to the welfare of the peoples of the Commonwealth.

That is the picture I have of the Commonwealth and I speak as an Indian. All this is possible only provided the British people and those who lead them cease being frustrated at the loss of their old-time power, abandon any attempt at restoration of British influence by resort to military alliances and carving of spheres of influence. Instead, they should rest content in the secure leadership that moral prestige, economic aid, and the comradeship of the multi-racial Commonwealth will give them in world affairs. I do not see any reason why they should not do so.—*Third Programme*

Among recent books published on the country and peoples of the Himalayas are the late Sir Basil Gould's *The Jewel in the Lotus* (Chatto and Windus, 25s.), aptly subtitled 'Recollections of an Indian Political'; *Tibet* by P. F. Mele (Allen and Unwin, 30s.), a collection of eighty impressive photographs, printed in Switzerland, and burdened with the minimum of text; and Sydney Wignall's *Prisoner in Red Tibet* (Hutchinson, 18s.) in which the Welsh mountain climber describes jauntily his unpleasant experience of being taken prisoner by Chinese communists on the undemarcated frontier between Nepal and Tibet, held and interrogated for two months, and then cruelly forced to make a most perilous return through high Nepalese passes in mid-winter. Other recent publications on the Far East are: *The Far East in the Modern World*, by F. H. Michael and G. E. Taylor (Methuen, 50s.); *Far Eastern Politics in the Post-war Period*, by Harold M. Vinacke (Allen and Unwin, 40s.); and *British Military Administration in the Far East 1941-46*, by F. S. V. Donnison (Stationery Office, 40s.).

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Contemporary Malaise

Sir,—In his talk 'The Contemporary Malaise', Mr. Richard Peters is surely begging a big question when he says:

The 'mixed-up kid' who says that he cannot help trying to strangle his girl-friend is committing a logical absurdity if he works out the implications of his assumptions. For the very words he uses imply that on some occasions at least he can help doing what he does. Yet as it is always possible to produce causes for his actions, and as, on his view, causes are as good as extenuating circumstances, the assumptions which lead him to excuse himself make nonsense of the distinction between 'can help' and 'can't help'.

For if it were ever to be shown conclusively that all our actions and thoughts are causally determined, this *would* make nonsense of the distinction between 'can help' and 'can't help'—and, though we would at first express our realisation of this fact by saying 'no one can ever help anything', it would not be long before the phrases 'can help' and 'can't help' fell into disuse.

A parallel may illustrate this. A medieval Mr. Peters might have said:

Among those who exhibit alarming symptoms we normally distinguish between those suffering from diseases and those possessed by the devil. But some mixed-up persons claim that *all* who exhibit alarming symptoms are diseased—which they express by saying of every such person that he is *not* possessed by the devil. But a person who speaks thus is committing a logical absurdity if he works out the implications of his assumptions. For the very words he uses imply that on some occasions at least men are possessed by the devil—whereas his belief that all alarming symptoms are caused by disease makes *nonsense* of the distinction between 'possessed' and 'not possessed'.

In spite of this 'logical absurdity', the causal concept of disease has rendered obsolete the distinction between 'possessed' and 'not possessed': and, since new causal explanations of human thoughts and actions continue to be discovered, it cannot be foreseen that the distinction between 'can help' and 'can't help' will never be rendered obsolete. I would however agree with Mr. Peters that it is premature to claim that this has happened.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

GEORGE ENGLE

Sir,—This concept of responsibility which Mr. Richard Peters asks us to consider is most certainly the element indispensable to the functioning of society, the only framework whereon to fit the rewards and punishments which men deal out to men. It follows that the 'contemporary malaise', the disclaiming of responsibility by angry young men and forlorn middle-aged, is probably a symptom of the impending extinction of our society, the psychological forerunner of the H-bomb.

All disclaimers, however, are not in the same class. It is in the Freudian tradition to shift the individual's burden on to some more

generalised shoulders. Angry young, nostalgic infidels, and the lazy-minded fall into the category which is ready to do this.

The concept of irresponsibility is, however, something far more than an excuse for lawlessness and maladjustment. Belief in determinism may soon be fully justified by scientific experiment, and it is not at all likely that those who through intellectual struggle attain to a sense of irresponsibility will use the latter to slide out of social commitments.

The only kind of responsibility which can emerge from this disillusionment would need definition by one who combined the talents of philosopher, scientist and saint. It would have a religious flavour, burdening man, not only with his own destiny, but with that of the whole of creation. Whether it would have any pragmatic value is another matter. It could only function in a society so different from this declining one in which we live, that it would probably be entirely unacceptable.—Yours, etc.,

Falmouth

MARY LAKEMAN

The Canadian General Election

Sir,—As one Canadian, I must protest against the misleading and, I believe, inaccurate report of present relations between French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians by Mr. Christopher Serpell in THE LISTENER of June 20.

In the last eighteen months I had occasion to travel across Canada as Chairman of the Royal Commission on Broadcasting and was able to compare attitudes today with those that existed twenty years ago when I made a similar cross-country trip with another Royal Commission. There is no doubt in my mind that there has been a significant improvement in understanding and acceptance between Canada's two main language groups in the past twenty years, and I had the impression that some part of this change was brought about by the influence of radio and television. In addition, there are many other pieces of evidence which show that French-speaking and English-speaking Canadians are working and living together in increasing harmony.

No doubt it is possible to find instances of friction, rudeness, and misunderstanding in any city, at any time. But Mr. Serpell's experience in the lift of a Montreal office building is certainly not typical. I have lived in Montreal for twelve years and have never seen a single instance of such conduct. If anything, French-speaking Canadians are generally more courteous and helpful than the English-speaking, and I can only think the accent of Mr. Serpell's 'British-Canadian' friend was unintelligible to his French-speaking listeners. The other statement that neither the English nor French-speaking group in the Civil Service at Ottawa 'would have much to do with the other' is simply untrue, and its untruth could have been established by any reasonable enquiry in a morning in Ottawa.

There will always be a residue of ignorance and intolerance, but over wide areas of Canada the language barriers are coming down. There is a ready and frequently eager acceptance of the less familiar language. Bilingualism in Canada has become a strength and not a weakness in our national fabric.—Yours, etc.,

Montreal

R. M. FOWLER

The Englishman's House—I

Sir,—I listened to the first of Mr. Hoskins' talks on 'The House in the Town'. When he mentioned the Chester Rows I naturally followed what he had to say with the closest attention. I could not, however, follow his description of the Chester Rows. Now that I have seen the talk in print in THE LISTENER (June 13) I find it even more difficult to reconcile Mr. Hoskins' description with the Rows as they actually are.

I think the fundamental error in Mr. Hoskins' description lies in his reference to the first and second floors. The Row is at first-floor level, and it is the second floor which is carried on beams or columns at the front of the Rows. If I may with respect suggest an amendment of what Mr. Hoskins said, it would read as follows:

Essentially, the Chester Rows consist of a covered way, a pavement at first-floor level by way of a roof to the ground floor. This covered way is formed by carrying the second floor of the houses over the first-floor footway or pavement and supporting it by means of a colonnade . . .

There is of course a line of shops at street level below the first-floor 'row' pavement. These shops may or may not be in the same freehold ownership as the premises above them. The Row itself (Row being the Chester name for the whole of the first-floor opening in the front of the building which includes the pavement at first-floor level) is reached by steps from the street below at the ends of the Rows and at intervals in the frontage.

I think Mr. Hoskins is by no means the first person who has had difficulty in describing the Row. I can only hope that he understands my attempt.—Yours, etc.,

G. BURKINSHAW (Town Clerk)

Town Hall, Chester

'The Hawfinch'

Sir,—May I be allowed to comment on the review (in THE LISTENER, June 20) of Mr. G. Mountfort's excellent book, *The Hawfinch*? Your reviewer states that the hawfinch 'is still slowly extending its range northwards'. Two years ago this would have been regarded as unquestionably true. But more recently the advance appears to have become fairly rapid. In recent months several hawfinches have been noted north of the Caledonian Canal, one as far north as Caithness; I myself have identified one near Ullapool in Ross-shire.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1

ETHEL SPROGG

Art

The First-fruits of English Gothic

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

THE *Oxford History of English Art* still lacks its opening volume, but with the publication of Dr. Brieger's book* the great medieval story has now been told continuously in four volumes, from 871 to 1461, and only awaits the history of the final, magnificent blaze of the later Perpendicular to achieve completeness. The present volume treats of two reigns only, those of Henry III and Edward I, but together they covered ninety-one years, and brought forth, especially in architecture, a number of the loveliest works ever created by Englishmen.

The name of Dr. Peter Brieger may not be widely known in this country. He came to us from Germany before the war, and moved on before long to Toronto, where he has for some years held the Professorship of Art and Archaeology. It is thus all the more remarkable that he should have written a book which is not only, as one would expect, full of learning, but which also reveals, at every stage, an admirable visual sensibility to specifically English characteristics, and here and there the most subtle observation. The quality of the writing is sometimes of a high order. It is a pity that the same cannot be said of the photographs, which, though well chosen, are often not nearly good enough.

A clear picture emerges of the age, as mirrored in its arts. Compared with the preceding century the thirteenth was a much sunnier period. The fears and apprehensions which were so vividly described by Mr. Boase in the previous volume had mostly vanished: men's thoughts were turning more and more to the beauties of the external world. Under Edward I, in fact, we can sometimes detect a decidedly worldly attitude: the king himself would appear to have preferred castles to churches (and, it is even suggested, at Harlech, Conway, and Caernarvon built on an unnecessarily imposing scale for the sheer love of the thing), and here and there, as at Wells and Durham, a bishop would now devote his principal resources to the enlargement and embellishment of his palace.

But even under Henry III, a king who was personally a fount of piety and a great patron of art, the air was less oppressively religious, the mood less introverted, less brooding. One has only to step into the cathedral of Salisbury to sense at once (even allowing for unsympathetic restoration) a precision without parallel in any earlier English church, a clarity of intention which brooks no mystery. 'Each straight section of the wall, whether the inner fronts of transept, west wall, or choir, is worked out with ruler and compass as a geometric design of oblongs, circles, and half-circles'. Although there was still a certain amount of splendid monastic building going on, the greatest activity lay else-

where. In the first half of the reign the stimulus was provided by a group of remarkable bishops, motivated by a confident and optimistic attitude towards the world, convinced that 'a harmony could be established between reason and faith, between heaven and earth'. This is the spirit



Westminster Abbey: tiles from the floor of the chapter house
From *English Art, 1216-1307*

which suffuses all the three chief secular churches, Lincoln, Salisbury, and Beverley, whose only major fault, internally, is that none of them soars quite high enough.

Henry himself was only nine years old when he succeeded. In his maturity he was to be personally responsible for the rebuilding of a large part of Westminster Abbey. Here the style was softer and richer, and the Abbey represents a fusion of English and French Gothic into a marvellously harmonious whole. We, for instance, never went in much for rose windows, but Henry's church had two: the probable design of the one in the south transept is preserved in four tiles of the chapter house floor, here illustrated. But although one of Dr. Brieger's chapters is entitled 'The influence of Westminster', its impact was in fact remarkably limited; and Lichfield, the presbytery at Ely, the Angel Choir at Lincoln and the 'Five Sisters' at York, which are all described in this chapter, are more notable for their differences

from the Abbey than for any resemblances to it.

In the early Decorated period, which nearly corresponds with the reign of Edward I, although the sharp definitions of the first half of the century tend to become blurred, our churches remained unmistakably English. At Exeter and in the chapter house at Wells we pursued still further, and to glorious effect, our love of linear patterning: in the nave (though not in the chapter house) at York we became yet more reasonable and down-to-earth: for the chapter house at Southwell we went out into the fields, and came back with a delicious posy on which to model the capitals, and the result was a pæan in praise of present, not of nebulous future, delights.

In sculpture the peaks are the great west front of Wells, the interior transept fronts of the Abbey, and the Angel Choir at Lincoln, all of which are fully described and interpreted. (I cannot agree, though, that even the best of the Lincoln angels 'have the charm and the elegance of the Westminster transept angels'). But Dr. Brieger also writes about the Edwardian effigies of knights and ladies, including those knights whose connections with the Crusades, if any, would seem to have nothing whatever to do with the fact that they lie with legs crossed. (A blow for vergers?) Read what he has to say (on page 204) about the effigies and brasses which were now appearing ever more frequently in the country churches, and you will look at these memorials, even the battered ones, with a new sense of their significance.

The treatment of embroidery, the first phase of *Opus Anglicanum*, is brief, and that of stained glass still briefer. There is rather more on wall and panel painting, and, as in the preceding volume, a

great deal about book illustration. Here too the analyses are very well done, but one wonders all the same whether the space allotted (74 pages) is not proportionately somewhat excessive. For these illustrations to bibles, apocalypses, psalters and the rest are, many of them, an art of the magnifying glass, exquisite but, with certain exceptions, unmoving, and even, in some cases, 'of mincing elegance: the dreams of a courtier with an exotic taste'. These words, however, do not refer to a book but, surprisingly, to a portion of a building, the north transept of Hereford. It is a measure of the book's quality that, even in this architectural context, they are, for once, so apt.

In *The Birth and Rebirth of Pictorial Space* (Faber, 63s.) Dr. John White, Lecturer in the History of Art at the Courtauld Institute, helps us towards a fuller appreciation of the masterpieces of the Renaissance by providing a historical study of the introduction of perspective into Italian art during the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, and of its origins in antiquity.

* *English Art, 1216-1307*. By Peter Brieger. Oxford History of English Art. Vol. IV. 50s.

Law in Action

Homicide and Medical Negligence

By GLANVILLE WILLIAMS

THE word 'murder' naturally brings to mind the idea of a killing done on purpose; but, extraordinary as it may seem, until this year there were several ways in which a person who killed without meaning to do so could be held guilty of murder. For example, it was murder if a man killed accidentally in the course of committing a serious crime, or if he killed accidentally in an attempt to avoid arrest. Lawyers call this 'constructive murder', and the two forms I have just instanced are abolished by the Homicide Act, 1957, so that now the killing in each case would be manslaughter only. The marginal note to the section in the Act would imply that it abolishes the whole law of constructive murder; but this is not true. There is still at least one form of constructive murder left in the law, namely where the accused intentionally inflicted serious bodily harm, which unintentionally led to his victim's death.

Unprovoked Stabbing

Whether the Homicide Act should have abolished this form of constructive murder as well as the others is a question on which there will be differences of opinion. The least controversial application of the law is to a case of unprovoked stabbing. It may well be said that a man who carries a knife intending to use it on other people has murder in him; and he ought to be accounted a murderer if his stab-wound causes death, even if it is impossible to prove that he intended to kill. This, at any rate, is the present law. Or where a man carries a gun, and uses it, the prosecution does not have to prove that he intended to kill, in order to get him convicted of murder. A man who carries a knife or a gun is deliberately choosing to arm himself with a highly dangerous weapon, and well deserves to be labelled a murderer when he kills.

But the trouble is that once you admit that a man can be a murderer although he did not intend to commit murder, if he intended to inflict serious harm, you start yourself down the slippery slope that surrounds most moral and legal rules. For example, the case may be that the accused person did not habitually carry the weapon; he may have snatched it up in the heat of the fray. Or he may have intentionally brought his victim into peril of death without using a weapon at all, as by half-throttling him, or by stamping on his recumbent body, or simply by pushing him over with extreme violence. How is one to draw the line?

The rule of law is that any intention to inflict serious harm, without provocation, is capable of grounding a charge of murder if the harm results in death. Once this rule is accepted, it is difficult to limit to what may be called the common-sense cases of murder. There is a constant pressure to extend it to the less heinous cases, which ought to be left under the more flexible law of manslaughter. Perhaps the Homicide Act, though it does not in express

words touch this part of the law of murder, will have the practical effect of causing constructive murder to be interpreted more leniently than in the past.

Can a Man Be Killed Twice?

One of the strange questions that the law is called upon to answer is whether a man can be killed twice. A man can only die once; but if his death is brought about by the successive independent acts of two persons, can both be said to have killed him? A North Carolina court thought not, and gave the following illustration:

If one man inflicts a mortal wound, of which the victim is languishing, and then a second kills the deceased by an independent act, we cannot imagine how the first can be said to have killed him, without involving the absurdity of saying that the deceased was killed twice.

But, surely, this absurdity is more apparent than real. One has to distinguish between two types of case. If the first mortal wound had no effect on the death as it actually occurred (as where the second injury was by way of decapitation), then this first mortal wound was not in any sense a cause of the death, and the person who inflicted it is not guilty of homicide. He had nothing to do with the death.

It is different if the victim's death is caused by the joint effect of the two wounds. It may be that the second act would not have killed apart from the first wound, which is already sapping the victim's strength. If the second wound has the effect of accelerating the death which would anyway result from the first one, then both culprits have in fact contributed to the death, and there is no reason why both should not be regarded as having caused it. This opinion would almost certainly be accepted in England, as it is in some of the United States.

Regina v. Jordan

The question has recently arisen in a form that makes it of interest to the doctors as well as to the lawyers. Suppose that the victim of a wound is taken to hospital and there dies as a result of negligent medical treatment; can the attacker be convicted of homicide? I am assuming that it can be shown that the death was caused entirely by the careless medical treatment, and that the original wound was not medically connected with the death. In this case, I think that the plain man's answer to the question would be that the attacker cannot be convicted of homicide, since it was not his act that caused the death; and this was the ruling given by the Court of Criminal Appeal last year, in the case of *Regina v. Jordan*.*

The victim in this case had been stabbed in the stomach during a fight. The wound was a severe one, perforating the gut. He was taken to hospital and treated there, but died shortly afterwards from pneumonia. His attacker was put on trial for murder, and at this trial it was assumed that the pneumonia was the natural consequence of the stab wound. But on an appeal against

conviction fresh evidence was allowed to be called, and two doctors went into the witness box to say that the death was not caused by the wound. The stab wound had injured the intestine, but it was mainly healed at the time of death.

In the view of these doctors the death had been brought about by the treatment given in hospital. With a view to preventing infection it was thought right to administer an antibiotic, terramycin. This was the proper course, and a proper dose was administered. Some people, however, are intolerant of terramycin, and the deceased was one of these people. After the usual dose he developed diarrhoea, which was only properly attributable to the terramycin. The terramycin was stopped. Two days later it was recommenced. The two doctors who gave evidence on the appeal said that to introduce a poisonous substance after the intolerance of the patient had been shown was palpably wrong. Other steps were taken which were also regarded by the witnesses as wrong—namely, the intravenous introduction of wholly abnormal quantities of fluid far exceeding the output. As a result the lungs became waterlogged and pulmonary oedema and broncho-pneumonia followed.

A Conviction Quashed

The judgment of the Court of Criminal Appeal, after reciting these facts, proceeded to hold that the medical treatment had been negligent. Not only was one feature of the treatment wrong, but two were, and it was the improper treatment which was the direct and immediate cause of death. Since the jury might have acquitted the accused if they had heard the evidence given on the appeal, the conviction was quashed.

This decision is of importance because it departs from the rule usually acted upon previously, according to which the accused person was not allowed to give evidence that the medical treatment given to the victim was improper. In early times, when wounds often did prove fatal and medical treatment was unreliable, it was perhaps understandable that failures of treatment should have been regarded as part of the natural order of things, and so as not displacing criminal responsibility. But with increased medical skill in diagnosis and treatment, it would create a sense of injustice if a death which was demonstrably the result of bad treatment and not of the initial wound should be laid at the door of the wounder.

The new rule applies only to medical negligence, not to mistakes which are not negligent. When a patient is brought seriously injured into hospital, the house surgeon has to act at once and use what he considers the best means at his disposal to save life. Even if he chooses some mode of treatment that subsequently proves to be wrong, this will not in itself be negligent—for even the most careful person is not infallible. Death resulting from careful, though mistaken,



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treatment seems still in law to be the responsibility of the person who inflicted the wound—and this even though the wound itself was not the medical cause of death. Although it may not be the medical cause of death, it is a cause of the death in a wide sense of the word 'cause', because if the victim had not been injured he would not have gone to hospital and so would not have fallen into the hands of the doctor who made the mistake in treatment.

In other words, when a man has been illegally wounded, it makes no difference in law whether he dies directly as a result of the wound or as a result of careful though mistaken treatment of the wound. But if the treatment is not only mistaken but negligently mistaken, that is to say if the surgeon ought to have known better, a death caused by his negligence is not attributable to the attacker. The wound now becomes, in legal language, too 'remote' a cause of the death. The subsequent negligence of the doctor so dominates the scene that the attacker can slip away from view.

Although we may think that the new rule is an inevitable one at the present day, representing as it does the plain man's sense of justice, we must admit that it is capable of working irksomely from the point of view of the medical profession. It means that when the victim of a homicidal attack survives long enough to receive medical treatment, but dies after treatment, the lawyers defending the person who made the attack may make the most minute inquiry into the way in which the victim was medically treated, in the hope of detecting some flaw in the treatment which can be said to be negligent. The doctor who performed the operation is not himself on trial; yet his reputation may be tarnished as the result of the verdict, which is given solely on the question whether the accused can be shown beyond doubt to have been guilty of the crime.

Evidence of Medical Negligence

In English law, the defendant to a criminal charge is not bound to give warning to the prosecution of the nature of his defence. Therefore, the evidence of medical negligence can be sprung upon the prosecution at the trial, and they may find difficulty in producing the evidence to rebut it on the spur of the moment. The doctor who performed the operation may be abroad at the time of the trial, or so busily engaged that it would be a serious matter for him and his patients if he had to travel to the court at short notice to give evidence. It is true that prosecuting counsel may ask for an adjournment to enable the doctor's evidence to be procured, but an English criminal court does not like giving adjournments, and our system of trial by itinerant justices of assize and of trial by jury makes adjournments excessively inconvenient. Thus there is a risk of the doctor's treatment of his patient being found by the jury to be negligent, although the doctor has been given no chance to be heard on the matter.

The reality of this danger is shown by what happened after the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal in *Regina v. Jordan*. After Jordan had been acquitted on appeal, so that the case against him was at an end, the Regional Hospital Board set up a committee of inquiry, including three independent medical assessors, to go into the allegation of negligence on the

part of the hospital where Jordan's victim was treated. The object was to find whether the allegation of negligent treatment was true, and if so what should be done to prevent a repetition. The committee reported unanimously that it had no fault to find with the patient's treatment, which was in fact devoted and exemplary. In other words, according to this committee, the opinions expressed by the two expert witnesses for the defence before the Court of Criminal Appeal were wrong. These two witnesses had not been present at the treatment of the deceased, and may perhaps have got their facts wrong; or perhaps there was just a difference of medical opinion, which often happens, as to what was the proper medical treatment.

Possible Improvements in Law

It would do something to alleviate the anxieties of the medical profession if a person accused of serious crime were required to give advance notice of the nature of his defence, as is the general practice (even if it is not the strict law) in continental countries; and there is an argument for this reform on other grounds. One day, too, we may bring ourselves to introduce medical assessors on to the Bench in the criminal trial, in order that technical questions arising in the course of the case may be competently decided. Our present practice is that medical and other scientific issues are decided by the jury after hearing, it may be, expert witnesses on each side.

But how can a jury possibly decide intelligently between conflicting experts? One so-called expert may in truth not be an expert at all, but merely have an address in an area which is popularly supposed to house experts. Another real expert may make a bad showing because he cannot explain himself to the jury or descend to their level. Surely, when experts disagree, it takes an expert to make an informed choice between them. Even this deciding expert may be wrong, but that is a risk with all human justice. All we can do is to minimise the risk; and we are more likely to get a sound decision on a technical question by entrusting the decision to an expert than by leaving it to persons who are ignorant of the terminology and scientific basis of the problem.

I have suggested two possible improvements in the law, and there is another reform which, it seems to me, is made urgent by the new rule. In the case of Jordan, when the Court of Criminal Appeal decided on the evidence before it that the medical treatment had been negligent, and that this made the victim's death too remote a consequence of the stab wound, the necessary result was that the conviction for murder had to be set aside. The conviction for murder: but not, surely, a conviction for stabbing? Was the attacker not punished for inflicting the wound? The answer is that he could not be punished for this, in the proceedings then taken against him, because there is a rule of legal practice that a charge for murder must never be joined with a charge for some lesser crime. Even a charge of manslaughter can only rarely be coupled with another charge. Thus, although it was in effect found that the accused was guilty of wounding, he could not be convicted of it without the trouble and expense of a new trial.

This is a bad rule. One can understand that a charge of a serious crime like murder ought

not to be joined to a charge of some minor and purely collateral crime, such as driving a car without a licence. That would confuse the grave issue that the jury has to try. But where it is alleged that a killing has been done in a certain way, it ought to be possible to join a charge of homicide for the killing with a charge of wounding, poisoning, or inflicting whatever injury is alleged to have brought about the death. Then, if the death is found to be too remote a consequence of the injury, the accused can be convicted of the injury alone. From the point of view of society, he is just as dangerous a person whether his activity directly caused the death or did not.

One might go further, and say that the law ought to take no notice of what result actually happens, but should always punish people—or treat people—on the basis of what they have tried to do. On this view, you should look only to see what was the accused's intention. For example, there is no moral reason why an attempt to commit a crime should be treated more leniently than the successful completion of a crime; yet it is the inveterate practice of the law to make a distinction between the two cases.

The Accident of Failure

The contrast is most striking in connection with capital murder. If a man shoots at another, intending to kill him, and succeeds, he is likely to be hanged. If he misses, he will receive what is commonly accounted a more lenient punishment—a few years in gaol. Why should the accident of failure lighten the punishment? In a moral view, the man who attempts and happens to fail is as bad as the man who attempts and happens to succeed; and he may be quite as much of a social problem. Still, the ordinary citizen would think it unduly harsh to punish the attempt as severely as the completed crime, and the law feels constrained to follow the popular opinion. It is this fact that is largely responsible for landing the criminal law with the ticklish problem of causation.

—Third Programme

Commitment

Here lies a little boy.
His name I never knew.
But seven kisses gave him,
And of toys, two.

The seven seas I've never missed:
In the salt and roaring nights
My eyelids ground the birds of foam
Under the Northern Lights.

But the toys, the shining toys—
No trace can I find.
Could he have gone to his grave with one
In either hand?

The world joins in my search,
Lidded noon to noon:
Pearls, and glitterings, but not
Sun or Moon.

Oh, those who murder children
And earth over the wounds
Should be made to swear to a crowing cock
That nothing's in the hands.

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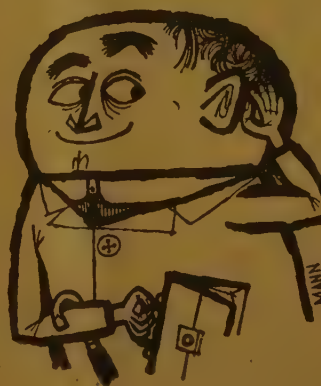
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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Disputed Barricade: the Life and Times of Josip Broz-Tito. By Fitzroy Maclean. Cape. 25s.

OF ALL THE MEN of his day and generation no more fascinating figure has emerged than that of Josip Broz, the peasant boy, half Croat, half Slovene, who became a fine mechanic and was then caught up by war and taken prisoner by the Russians in time to fall in love with the Russian Revolution in its infancy. In the name of Communism he defied the Yugoslav Monarchy—at his trial in November 1928, as Sir Fitzroy Maclean writes, 'for the first time a prisoner openly glorified the Communist cause'. In the name of Communism Broz thereafter defied a triumphant Hitler when Yugoslavia had crumbled to pieces, and alone with his devoted but ill-equipped and starving Partisan forces for three and a half years fought a successful war against a grand, if creaking, coalition of Germans, Italians, Cetniks and Ustaše: only quite late did help come from the west, and from Russia long after that. Finally, and also in the name of Communism, Josip Broz, who had now become Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, defied Stalin at the height of his power. Tito's first act of defiance was essentially conspiratorial, the second essentially military, and the third political. All along his courage was not the reckless heroism of a Montenegrin, but was combined with a sure political instinct, an unusual capacity to learn by experience.

The critics may murmur that others have told the story before; they may indeed point out that Sir Fitzroy Maclean gave us some of it in *Eastern Approaches*. Others may complain that it is too soon to tell it, for Solon warned us long ago that we cannot judge of a man's life before it has ended. As Sir Fitzroy suggests, the process which Tito touched off when he stood his ground against the Kremlin in 1948 has led on to the disputed barricades of Poznan and Budapest, and Tito himself is the first to remember that there may be dangers before him to compare with those he has overcome. These things notwithstanding, perhaps precisely because of them, Sir Fitzroy's book is welcome. It is written with profound understanding for a number of human beings whose creed or creeds he rejects. It rises above the terrible turgidities of Communist statement and presents a Communist story with lucidity and grace. It is true that the Yugoslavs and their country lend an irresistible vitality to the writer who is inspired to embark upon such themes. To those of us who have visited the country of the Black Mountain Sir Fitzroy's description gives excited recollection. 'There can be few wilder or more inhospitable regions upon earth,' he writes, 'than this great tangle of mountains, forests and rock-strewn uplands, broken at random by sheer precipices of limestone falling sharply away to the beds of swirling torrents three or four thousand feet below.' As for Djilas' letter to his friend Ranković when Andja, the wife of Ranković, was killed in action in the Partisan war, it has a purity of feeling that matches the purity of Sir Fitzroy's prose.

The lovers of Yugoslavia may quibble here and there; some will have wanted more about the Radić family, about earlier dreams of federation with Bulgaria, about Stambulisky and the Green International and about Dragoliub Jovanović's younger days. But they will gladly read of the Yugoslav dictator who has earned such true devotion from his old friends and

who has never forgotten how to laugh. They will wonder whether he can win his economic battles like the rest, and realise his youthful dream 'Industrialise! Electrify!' They will read Sir Fitzroy's account of the Djilas-Dedijer affair with appreciation, and, if they regret Tito's decision that he could not risk opposition in the western way, they may yet feel some pride in the Yugoslav revolution which has not hitherto devoured its children.

Baudelaire. By Enid Starkie. Faber. 50s.

Since its first appearance in its original form, Dr. Starkie's biography has been the authoritative work on Baudelaire in English. Now that it reappears, largely re-written and with the addition of fresh material, it would be surprising if it were any less so. But the reader looking for refinement and reassessment will be saddened to find that the labours of the intervening years have added much more than they have taken away. It would have been better in the first place, certainly in the second, if this book had been a 'Life' only, and not a 'Life and Works'. The writer's approach to the latter, well-meaning as it certainly is, is somehow trapped by its own good intentions—as well as being beset by a swarm of clichés whenever it attempts to score a point. The fact that Baudelaire was for so long held to be an unedifying poet is no good reason for making him out to be the reverse. For this is certainly a case where truth—and poetry—lies between the extremes.

Even from its own all-inclusive standpoint, this work shows a certain lack of proportion. Why should so many pages be devoted to a few articles in an obscure provincial paper which may or may not be by Baudelaire when his dramatic projects, including *L'Ivrogne*, which reached a stage of writing quite sufficient for some assessment, are no more than mentioned in passing? But after all, it is the poems that matter; and though Dr. Starkie's comments on their content and significance will not add much to anyone's appreciation, her grouping and dating of them make up an illuminating perspective of the poet's development. A list of the poems, with exact or approximate datings, would have made a more useful appendix than any of the three here added. On the architecture of *Les Fleurs Du Mal*, the author tends to overstate Baudelaire's own case. Nevertheless, we must agree that the book, conceived as it was according to a programme, does follow and create a certain order, so far as a sequence of poems that are absolute unities in themselves can do so.

In her treatment of the figures who surrounded Baudelaire and helped to make his life what it was—his mother, his step-father, and Ancelle, his guardian-at-law—Dr. Starkie shows admirable fairness and penetration. Irremediably they were—what they were, just as Baudelaire was what he had to be. Which in no way alters the fact that the judgements, for example, of a Sartre on Baudelaire's case, amount to no more than pontifical truisms with which General Aupick would have heartily agreed. Baudelaire was a sum of contradictions, but only a simple mind can make them add up to zero. The moralisings of Sartre, like the pruderies of Henry James, are disqualified because that is what they attempt to do. They ignore the mystery in order to explain it away.

The mystery remains. How was it that the greatest poetry of the century came to be written by a man who, throughout his mature existence,

had no fixed address—who often had to take refuge in billiard-saloons and the like, in order to write his letters? Compare his lot with that of Coleridge, Rilke, Yeats—all rescued from the impasse of their middle years when their own initiative had failed—and we can see that Baudelaire was indeed unlucky. And his ill-luck remains ours. Despite the crushing failures that followed 1857, his art continued to strengthen and refine itself. Dr. Starkie rather over-insists on the 'spirituality' of his later work, but some of his latest poems have the sovereign freedom, the insolent vigour of the young Rimbaud. Up to the end, Baudelaire retained a mysterious power of rejuvenation. A moment of happiness and hope could transform the prematurely aged man out of recognition. If there had been more than moments, if real understanding and protection had come his way, then instead of being the sacrificial victim of the age of respectability, the mature Baudelaire, established and recognised even for no more than a year or two, might well have written greater poetry than he or anyone else in his century has left us.

Pegasus and Other Poems

By C. Day Lewis. Cape. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Day Lewis' new book of poems is a disappointment, but it is not easy to define why. Over the last fifteen years his work has become progressively more versatile and sincere: one no longer senses that lack of certainty about his own feelings which was the obverse side to his capacity for admiring others. In contrast to the many poets since Hopkins who have striven after a craggily personal idiom with inventor's patent written all over it, he has successfully refreshed his faculties from time to time by turning to some other poet to mediate between his material and his imagination. Hardy, Frost, Auden, Yeats—one can spot the poems written under the various auspices, but the borrowing takes place with such a frank air ('Wystan, lend me your screw-driver. Mine won't reach') and so purely for the sake of getting the job done properly that criticism is charmed and disarmed. Furthermore he is too good a craftsman ever to let into print a poem that can be pronounced wholly bad.

What then is wrong with the present collection? The weakness is not analysable and detachable; it lies somewhere at the source of inspiration. Many of the poems just do not read as if they were really necessary. Robert Frost has said that a poem 'begins in delight and ends in wisdom'. To wilfully misinterpret the remark, this is exactly what seems to go wrong with these poems: they clearly originated in an outburst of delight, with a spontaneous image, but then the momentum flagged and the poet was left to complete the last lines out of conscious 'wisdom'. If a poet could be judged solely by his images Mr. Day Lewis would be the top poet of today; but, as he himself has pointed out, a succession of fine images has to be not only linked by mutual relevance but fused by emotional purpose. Despite the perfection of isolated lines and phrases of the sort which come to a poet in his bath, most of the poems seem slightly out of shape, wonky, as if the kiln had not been hot enough.

Four of the poems are based on Greek legends, three of them lukewarm and flat, 'Ariadne on Naxos', a dramatic monologue, especially so. Mr. Day Lewis has never been at ease with the human voice, and the poem asks for a cruel comparison with Henry Reed's 'Philoctetes' in the same genre. But the other, the title poem

'Pegasus', tastes more like real spring water: it has a frieze-like beauty reminiscent of the best of Spenser and a casual elegance of phrase and metre that sets it apart.

The mountain shivers from flank to snowy top,
Shaking off eagles as a pastured horse
Shakes off a cloud of flies. . . .

Lines like these are conventional in that they might almost have been written by any first-rate descriptive poet since 1800—almost, but not quite: their originality is inconspicuous but indisputable. In contrast to the rather contrived contemporaneity of his early days, Mr. Day Lewis is now exploring possible connections between past and present, both by looking to traditional models to serve as points of departure and by going back to childhood for themes and memories. In theory this could be an exciting development; there is nothing intrinsically bad about the recent more literary, more decorative, more frankly personal style that Mr. Day Lewis has adopted; in fact he has been avoiding these adjectives all his life, when they could have been his friends. But in the present instance he has put a very sluggish stable into the field. 'Pegasus' is first, and the rest, despite great play with the whip, nowhere.

Emergence from Chaos

By Stuart Holroyd. Gollancz. 18s.

This is another book in the newly revived Hulmeian anti-humanist tradition: from the same stable as *The Outsider*. Like Mr. Wilson, Mr. Stuart Holroyd has the virtue of lucidity. Whatever else one may think about the 'Method', it does enable its user to make such points as he has to make with clarity and force. Again like *The Outsider*, *Emergence from Chaos* isn't an 'original' book, but a synthetic study of writers who fit into the basic theory of the existential hero. The particular writers here chosen include Eliot, Yeats, Rilke, Rimbaud, and (rather the odd man out) Whitman. This is a good enough 'OK' selection: but of course, the secret soon dawns on the reader that almost any artists would do equally well. A chapter-heading like 'W. B. Yeats: the Divided Man' tells us nothing about Yeats. And phrases like 'the world of Being', 'the unitive life', 'self-realisation' are not very illuminating because after they have been used once there is nothing for it but to keep on using them. The truth is that all artists are existential heroes. Having established that, the critic must go on to differentiate them, to show how each man's contribution differs. The most serious criticism of this book is that it fails to do this. Almost every comment Mr. Holroyd offers on one of his subjects could, with no loss of truth and no gain, be transposed to another. Only the nicely chosen quotations stand out: the actual work of the individual creative mind, resisting generalisation.

Is there a paradox here? An individualistic approach to experience and art ought to result in a series of unique statements, which is what happens with the works of art themselves. Yet by seeing all major creative writing of the last hundred years under the powerful spell of minds like Kierkegaard and Nietzsche it seems that the critic tends to turn rhetorician. Now there is nothing wrong with rhetoric: but it ought to have more to say which is new. Enthusiasm is not enough. Many of these studies read like very good undergraduate essays: 'for all time it [Yeats' poetry] will represent the power man has to triumph over himself and his fate'; 'we are only better off than they [the dead poets] because we inherit their experience'. And the general chapters in the first part of the book, such as 'Art and Religion', are chiefly interesting for their able marshalling of challenging texts from other minds. It would be wrong, of

course, to see in these popular syntheses a new phenomenon. They have always been written, sometimes even by first-rate minds. The present spate of them probably represents a reaction, healthy enough, against the excessively technical academicism of much recent literary criticism. But as with all reactions, there is a danger of going too far the other way: in a more carefully considered book there would be far less repetitiveness (e.g. pages 125, 131).

There is a misprint in a line of Yeats quoted on page 125 ('art' should be 'heart'). And cannot something be done about the blurb? Must a book which is itself a summary be so naively summarised all over the cover? And does it really matter that Mr. Holroyd 'disagrees with St. Paul' about sin? After all, he agrees with enough other people.

Lugard. The Years of Adventure, 1858-1898. By Margery Perham. Collins. 42s.

This, the first of two volumes, covers the life of Sir Frederick Lugard from his birth in 1858 to the beginning of his great work in Nigeria forty years later. Few people are better qualified than Miss Perham to tell what Lugard did, because not only did she know him well during his years of retirement at Godalming and, thereafter, had access to his voluminous papers, but she has followed literally in his footsteps across many of those tracts in tropical Africa which he did so much to bring under British rule.

Born in India, the son of an evangelical Army chaplain, Lugard was educated in the bleak surroundings of Rossall. He betook himself to Nyasaland to get away from an unhappy love affair and to strike, if it might be, a blow against the slave trade in the service of the Africa Lakes Company. The Africa of 1888, in which he arrived with scarcely a penny in his pocket, was already the scene of scramble by various European Powers, each of which was trying to drive a wedge right through the immense continent. Lugard earned an undeserved reputation in high official circles as a filibuster by reason of his unsuccessful attack on the Arab slavers' stronghold at the north end of Lake Nyasa. Returning home with a wound in his wrist that was destined to plague him for many years, he campaigned in the press for the extension of a protectorate over Nyasaland, but without immediate success.

The protectorate was eventually proclaimed in 1891, but by that time Lugard had got into hot water again, this time in Uganda as the obstinate servant of the impecunious British East Africa Company. That chartered organisation, competing with a rival German company for the wide hinterland of the Sultanate of Zanzibar, bade him plunge far inland across the supposedly 'sterile region' of Kenya to beat the Germans in the race for the headwaters of the White Nile on which the life of Egypt depended, and to win land further to the westward through which was to run Rhodes' Cape-to-Cairo railway. All this Lugard did, but once more he had to go dashing back to England to induce the British Government to relieve the moribund Company of the burden of Uganda. Failing that, the Company must leave that key territory to be snatched by Germany or, as Lugard rightly believed, more probably by France. It was, however, not until 1894, when Lord Salisbury's Government had fallen, that Lord Rosebery induced a reluctant Liberal administration to pick up the Uganda baby from the doorstep.

By that time Lugard had learned yet more of the jealousy of France. After many months of wire-pulling in England, during which he published his book with the challenging title, *The Rise of our East African Empire*, and, incidentally, met his future wife, Flora Shaw, who was

reviewing it for *The Times*, he had set out for West Africa in the service of Sir George Goldie's Royal Niger Company. There, before the end of 1895, he had staked the Company's claims on the Middle Niger and, to that extent, had prevented the French from 'boxing in' its sphere as they had already clamped down on other British territories in West Africa. By 1897 he was in the Imperial service, to raise regular African troops who were to occupy posts in the area which he had traversed a year or two back. This he did with such success that the Anglo-French Agreement of 1898 gave the British nearly all they had ever claimed.

It is a fine story finely told, albeit with a superabundance of detail at times. It is well worth reading by a generation that is apt to look askance at imperialism, because it shows how little store one famous empire-builder set by five per cent and how highly he rated philanthropy and the law and order that was, and is, essential to folk of all races in Africa Emergent. May the companion volume follow soon.

The Sun. By Giorgio Abetti. Translated by J. B. Sidgwick. Faber. 63s.

The latest edition of the standard book on the sun, by Professor Giorgio Abetti, has been ably translated from the Italian by Dr. J. B. Sidgwick, and has been brought up to date for this English edition.

Professor Abetti starts with a short historical note on his subject, for which he is very happily qualified, as his own tower for observing the sun is at Arcetri near Florence, where Galileo, the founder of the modern knowledge of the sun, had his observatory and spent his last days. His book has the outstanding merits of being comprehensive and readable. The sun is the centre of the solar system. It is the parent of the earth, and has produced the special conditions on it which have made the evolution of life possible. The explanation of our own origin and the forces that govern the environment in which we live are to be found in the complex phenomena of the sun.

At first sight the sun appears to be a simple unchanging object, steadily pouring out a vast stream of radiation during hundreds of millions of years. The application of modern instruments, starting with Galileo's discovery of sunspots with his newly invented telescope, has revealed varied and fluctuating solar phenomena whose existence was formerly unsuspected, and which have a profound effect on conditions on the surface of the earth. For instance, the quality of radio telephony between Europe and America is dependent on the effect of the sun's radiations on the upper atmosphere. The composition of the sun has a bearing on that of the earth, and on geology and mineralogy. The sun's radiations govern agriculture and health. Professor Abetti has digested the basic information on the numerous facets of his subject. The expert will find his summaries of an immense range of detailed knowledge judicious. Among the topics covered are the instruments of solar research; the problems of spots, flares and eruptions; and the various regions of the gaseous envelopes of the sun, their movements and magnetic fields. The nuclear source of the sun's energy is explained, and the basic facts such as the distance and size of the sun. There are reviews of the latest discoveries, such as the sun's emission of radio waves.

The general reader will be astonished by the number of properties of the sun which have been discovered, and their prodigious nature. When the sun is observed through the eye of the radio telescope it appears several times as big as when seen through an optical telescope by the human eye. Within the last five years the radio astronomers have delineated for us

a quite new and different picture of the sun. In addition to holding the key to the earth and life, the sun also holds the key to the stars, for it is incomparably the nearest and easiest

for us to study. Professor Abetti has provided a fine work of reference and an imaginative account informed by mature learning. There are no less than 147 photographic plates and 97 line

figures. In spite of these riches, one must say, however, that it seems a pity that the publisher had to charge as much as three guineas for this indispensable book.

New Novels

The Hireling. By L. P. Hartley. Hamish Hamilton. 13s. 6d.

The Brave Cowboy. By Edward Abbey. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.

Snow Country. By Yasunari Kawabata. Secker and Warburg. 14s.

NO one, in a lifetime, can write more than three or four novels of the rank of *The Go-Between* or *The Shrimp and the Anemone*. We should be grateful, therefore, that instead of keeping silence in their intervals, L. P. Hartley gives us such novels as *The Hireling*. No one could call it a masterpiece; but it is a piece, clearly, from a master—an artist grown sufficiently familiar with his own limitations to use them and turn them into personal strengths. *The Hireling* is a strictly limited work. It tells something about the book's limitations that the protagonists should be a chauffeur and the widow of a knight; something else, that both remain known chiefly by surnames. Mr. Hartley, shall I say, often writes best at a distance—the distance, usually, of the Edwardians from us, of us from the Edwardians. But in his new novel you may study the process by which these limitations are converted—into skills, into themes, and so, eventually, into the brilliance of his major books. There is more to understand and appreciate in such a study than in a dozen 'successful' novels by lesser writers.

He converts his limitations, I said, into themes. You might say that *The Hireling* was all about distance: the distance of its central characters from each other, and also from the rest of the world. Leadbitter, the chauffeur, emerges from the army with a dour casing of suspicious self-sufficiency, and the price of a car to drive for hire. He means to be his own master, and admits women into his life as unwillingly as clients into his front seat. Lady Franklin, in her own armour of wealth, innocence and neurosis, steps into both. Doctors have ordered her, after a breakdown, to go out and talk to people, and she hires Leadbitter, timidly, to drive her and listen. He, to fend her off, invents a fictitious home and family; but she, famished by loneliness, devours the fiction and blooms on it. His imaginary life becomes her foothold in reality; and, increasingly, she becomes the wife of his retailed fantasies ('She's very like you in some ways, my lady'). It is a perfect situation for Mr. Hartley's talent, the impingement of their two closed, unmeeting spheres. He draws their hesitant approaches and withdrawals delicately, with a flawless sense of the distances between them. Indeed, their whole depiction is an exercise in 'distancing'. In their separate dreams, they may come together, but their perception of each other must define their relationship always as that of Lady and Chauffeur.

In another guise, it is Mr. Hartley's old, recurring theme of shrimp and shell. His books are peopled with shrinking creatures of tenderness, who build themselves carapaces of custom, duty and indifference, against the violence and beauty of reality. The theme connects subtly with his ambivalent Edwardianism. Such a vision involves, perhaps can come only from, a society of classes and decorums, both refuge and prison. The great shell, ultimately, is the

one which broke in 1914; the naked world of Jimmy Porter, so hostile yet so similar to his own, is the wonderful disaster toward which Mr. Hartley's whole creation shudders and yearns. In that creation, relationships must clothe themselves too in social forms; and so every novel by Mr. Hartley encloses a modern drama of sensitivity and passion in the old-fashioned tortoise-shell of a well-made Edwardian plot about wills, letters, teas, and lawsuits. The writer's own limitations become, triumphantly, his particular subject and particular genius.

The Hireling moves smoothly—too smoothly, perhaps—on its Edwardian track of coincidences, money-matters and anonymous letters toward its apocalypse of emotional lightning. Mr. Hartley builds up skillfully the portrait of his hero, suggesting the cramped honour within the crustacean defence of coldness and service clichés. His heroine is somehow less successful, perhaps because she has less of a shell. The final, shattering release of their love involves a violence, and a device, characteristically Hartleyan. The chauffeur saves the lady from marrying a fortune-hunter, and then crashes his car—the carapace of their shy, mutual fantasy—into a tree. Before his death, he sends her his St. Christopher medal for luck, and months later, unwrapping it, she recognises in the stalwart, naked giant carrying the child an emblem of her own Good Carrier. One recalls the similar apotheosis at the end of *The Go-Between*, when, in the blinding revelation of passion, the small boy sees his treacherous friends the lovers in their zodiacal images of Virgo and Aquarius. It is as if Mr. Hartley meant to say, ultimately, that the burden of life, its terror and its splendour, was intended to be borne by demi-gods.

A similar mythical apotheosis provides the starting point of Edward Abbey's *The Brave Cowboy*. Out of the New Mexico desert a lone figure rides toward the city, his broad black hat slouched over his lean face. Overhead a jet plane screams. Mr. Abbey has chosen to criticise modern America by calling her national hero out of the past. How would she receive him if he came, a real cowboy, intruding into the present the freedom and natural nobility of the traditional American myth? By caging him, says Mr. Abbey gloomily, hunting him, and killing him like a coyote on the highway. Jack Burns comes to Duke City to rescue his friend Paul Bondi from prison—Paul has refused to register for military service. But in gaol the modern disease of submission has infected him, and Jack has to escape alone, pursued into the mountains by the cars and helicopters of the state police.

Mr. Abbey has a serious point to make about what America has lost to conformity and McCarthyism. Unfortunately, he has only one, and as he hammers on at it, heavily and with little humour, his means of presenting it seems increasingly mistaken. The cowboy, in his time and place, was splendid. He does not offer any

serious alternative in the present—as well recall Arthur or Robin Hood from their legendary sleep to cope with our housing situation. By offering him as a symbol of Jeffersonian anarchism, Mr. Abbey betrays eventually that he has no serious case for Jefferson, only a sentimental romantic nostalgia for the days when law and literacy were unnecessary. His idea, so clever at first glance, ends by looking more than slightly foolish. But he writes with skill and love of the landscapes of the south-west: the fiery blue skies without a cloud, the canyons which turn at sunset the colour of whiskey. Perhaps he will outgrow his enthusiasm for outlawry for its own sake, and channel his nostalgia for the great age of the west, as A. B. Guthrie has done, into art.

He might learn, too, from Yasunari Kawabata's *Snow Country*, in which a perfectly controlled sentiment for a landscape and a simpler past provides the foundation for something like a small masterpiece. The north-western coast of Japan, whose mountains face toward Siberia, has one of the deepest winter snow-falls in the world. Its people, as different from other Japanese as Tyrolese from Austrians or Italians, manufacture a fine, coarse white linen, which they bleach on the huge drifts. There are hot springs, in the high valleys, to which Tokyo business men come for rest-cures and ski-ing. They do not bring their wives to these places; instead they seek the company of local geishas, a class more rustic and more equivocal than their Tokyo sisters.

Shimamura, a middle-aged dilettante, comes to this white country, alien as the moon, and meets two women, Komako and Yoko. Each presents a face of the landscape: Yoko, its fineness and purity, Komako, its rusticity and strength. Both love the local schoolmaster; Yoko nurses him, Komako becomes a geisha to earn money for his treatment. Yoko remains an ideal in the background; it is Komako who dominates the book, during an inconclusive affair with Shimamura—a warm, tragic figure, gradually disintegrating under the effect of her life as a country hotel geisha. Touchy, enthusiastic, she tramps through the snow from party to party, flushed and slightly drunken; and growing pathetically aware that so long as Yoko is there, Shimamura will never love her.

As little happens as in a Turgenev story: snow falls, stoves steam in curly eaved wooden houses, guests come and go. The schoolmaster dies, Yoko grows still paler, and Shimamura takes the train back to Tokyo, leaving both women behind together. But, as in Turgenev, the final impression is a totality, a complete expression of an atmosphere and kind of life. Inevitably, one has to think of a Japanese print, with its arbitrary perfection, and sad-eyed figures glowing against a background of mountains and magic whiteness. The International P.E.N. Club is responsible, with Unesco assistance, for this translation. They deserve gratitude for their enterprise.

RONALD BRYDEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Annus Mirabilis

BY FAR THE MOST exciting item in recent documentary television was the programme on the International Geophysical Year called 'The Restless Sphere' which came too late for inclusion in my last article. In prospect it was intimidating—an hour and a quarter of modern science on a very hot evening, and not simply one department of science but a huge area embracing goodness knows how many -logies and -graphies, with the attendant risks of those fripperies and fopperies which are believed at B.B.C. headquarters to sugar the pill for the listening halfwit who, in actual fact, doesn't listen at all. But it was reassuring to learn that the Duke of Edinburgh had consented to act as narrator, not only because we already knew by experience that he is an attractive broadcaster but because as an amateur who has kept in closer touch than most of us with the trends of modern science he would doubtless appreciate better than do some specialists the limits beyond which we listeners begin to lose our footholds.

And so it turned out. The programme was illustrated by live television from various home and continental posts and by films selected from a still wider field, and Prince Philip guided us with tact and lucidity through widely separated themes which would otherwise have landed us in a slough of mental despond. In recent years we have heard and seen so much of H-bombs and rockets that to some of us the first idea that occurs when some new scientific discovery or invention is announced is of some diabolical

engine of mass destruction. At the outset of his narrative Prince Philip pointed out the supreme significance of the I.G.Y. enterprise, namely that it is the co-operative effort of sixty-three nations, and 50,000 scientists, and its motive is, as he put it, 'pure curiosity'. And at the end of the story he again stressed this all-important aspect of the scheme by expressing the hope that its result may be a great increase of friendly feeling throughout the world. The programme was particularly successful in suggesting the immense range of the undertaking and in rousing and maintaining as it progressed a cumulative wonder and excitement at the prospect of this great adventure.

Independent Television's Nasser scoop slipped past me undetected, but I was ready for and greatly enjoyed the B.B.C.'s counter-scoop. Ed Murrow's C.B.S. interview with Marshal Tito, who was accompanied by his wife and an extremely efficient young interpreter. The Marshal, we were told, chose to speak his own language, but it was quite evident that he understood without effort both Mr. Murrow's questions and his interpreter's translations of his replies, into which he would occasionally interpolate corrections or modifications. His replies were unhesitating and extensive: one got the impression that he spoke out of a wide knowledge and a remarkable clear-sightedness, and from time to time an irrepressible smile lit up his handsome face and betrayed a lively sense of humour never far below the surface. When he listened to his interviewer he usually did so with closed eyes and his reply followed instantly upon the ending of the question. He smoked cigarettes with enormous energy throughout the interview and it seemed that the whirling clouds of smoke were the inevitable by-product of his intensely vigorous and likable personality.

I missed 'The Brains Trust' last Sunday, and so it was by ear alone and on Tuesday that I greeted Norman Fisher's return as Question-Master. It was a curious and instructive experience to go back for the first time since I left it to the old soundtrack. Divorced from their faces, shapes, and gestures, the voices of the team lost a surprisingly large percentage of their typicality. I would have bet anything that Mr. Fisher's voice was his and his alone, yet when he spoke I sometimes had one or two seconds of doubt; the same with Prince Chula and even Alan Bullock, though in his case the second was no



Preparing for the filmed interview of President Tito by Ed Murrow, in the C.B.S. 'See It Now' series, broadcast on July 3

more than a split one. These momentary doubts and the lack of facial expression much diminished the ease and consequently the enjoyment of my participation in the programme.

Most of the questions were topical and when questions are topical nowadays they are, so to speak, tiptopical. Not only are the dailies and weeklies boiling over with telephone-tapping and the Report on tobacco-and-lung-cancer, the radio too is seething with them, and not only on the News. Last week both 'The Brains Trust' and 'Panorama' argued about the latter, and 'Panorama' about the former into the bargain. Indeed it seems that nobody today need take the trouble to make up his own mind about anything whatsoever. On the other hand if he listens carefully to the opinions of people more sensible than himself and asks himself what he thinks about them, he may end by forming opinions of his own and even—who knows?—airing them on 'The Brains Trust'.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

DRAMA

Dead and Alive

WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE the deaths of Mr. Benjamin Kellerman, the eminent connoisseur; Mrs. Sarn, Miss Jancis Beguildy (and child), Mr. Gideon Sarn, Mrs. Pinkerton. . . And so on: it has been that kind of week—on the whole a beguiling one, in spite of the length of the obituary column.

Certainly 'The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse' is an agreeable play, though it may annoy those who find Clitterhouse's slumming among the crooks a little too self-consciously superior. Personally, I have always enjoyed Barré Lyndon's invention. If you are not sleeping well, and want to convene a General Medical Council of the stage, Clitterhouse will undoubtedly be there, with such pleasing types as Dr. Angelus, Dr. Knox, Shaw's Dr. Percy Paramore (who discovered a new liver complaint), Dr. Knock, Dr. Caius, Dr. Jekyll, Dr. John H. Watson, and a variety of others.

Clitterhouse may be a little dogmatic. His subject is the pathology of crime. He believes



'Island Castle' on July 2: the Chevy Chase room at St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall

in studying crooks while they are on the job. Before the dear fellows know where they are they are being useful guinea-pigs, and the doctor is toying with his stethoscope, spatula, laryngoscope, or phial of heroin. Wherever Clitterhouse is, working as professional or amateur, in Harley Street or carrying sacks of furs on a roof near Upper Thames Street, he has to be a master-mind.

Is it all too slick? Of course it is. But we need not worry about that while we are watching. Mr. Lyndon, I presume, never intended 'Clitterhouse' to be more than an entertainment. It comes into the category of the Good Unlikely Play. There are innumerable Bad Unlikely Plays: I think of one about a sardine and transmigration of souls; a symbolic fantasy in a sewer; a piece about the creation of a new tribal god. But 'Clitterhouse' is labelled G.U.P., and it was done very smoothly on Sunday under Alan Bromly's direction.

I shall remember the moment when the fur-stealers, leaning anxiously over the roof of the Upper Thames Street warehouse, saw far below them the lorry-driver and the constable. I was not only impressed by the vertical long shot-to-the-pavement; I found myself mildly dizzy as if I were looking into that Cornish gulf from High Cliff, or over the plummet-drop to Pigeon Hugo. At this point I might have welcomed the doctor's professional aid. Still, all was well; presently we were back in that dubious flat, taking our 'cuts'. So to Harley Street, blackmail, heroin, murder (I wish we had gone to Burnham-on-Crouch), and the final unlikely scene—acted with admirable assurance by Hugh Sinclair and Andrew Cruickshank—in which we gather that Clitterhouse will get away with it all. Hard to swallow? Perhaps. But the only word for these plays is that of the White Queen. 'One *can't* believe impossible things', said Alice. 'I daresay you haven't had much practice', said the Queen, who had clearly been a dramatic critic. 'Why sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast'.

An excellent cast helped us to believe in Mr. Lyndon's impossibilities: Joy Parker, for example, as the enviable Nurse Ann, and Wilfrid Brambell as the sad little crook Badger who has had too much excitement. 'You're a real doctor, aren't you?' says the girl Daisy to Clitterhouse after he has examined Badger. The direction here is 'Keenly'. Clitterhouse replies: 'What makes you think that, Daisy?' Well, what indeed?

The deaths of Mrs. Sarn (on), Jancis and

child (off), and Gideon Sarn (off) must have alarmed anyone who had hit upon the sixth instalment of 'Precious Bane' without knowing what had gone before. But Constance Cox had been faithful to the spirit of Mary Webb's haunted book. What I saw and heard caused me to regret my unavoidable truancy earlier. Daphne Slater was, miraculously, the hare-shotten Prue; Nora Nicholson faded, most movingly, into death as Mrs. Sarn who, in the book, has only three words and a smile. Patrick Troughton caught Gideon's dark smoulder; and Campbell Logan directed the fight by the mere with a force that made me hope, as I had done during the previous half-hour, that this exceedingly well-managed serial would be returning to our screens.

It excited me more than the fourth instalment of 'Widawake', when I heard myself applauding someone's line, 'Search me what it all means, but it's all here somewhere'. During this medley of law and disorder we reached the British Museum; but I recall as clearly as anything Ernest Hare's credible police-superintendent and the singularly fine black eye of Charles Lloyd Pack.

One more murder to end the week. To our surprise, in 'From Me To You', Pat Kirkwood appeared suddenly in a railway station waiting-room as a film star who had disposed of her husband twenty minutes before. David Knight, across the table from her, might have been a detective, but he was only a harmless 'fan', and the little piece, a pair of interior monologues, ended in a fizzle. What happened to the body Miss Kirkwood left behind her? One of the unsolved puzzles of our literature.

Maybe 'Rich and Rich' is out of my range; but I poach for a moment to say what a pleasure it was to find this intelligent interviewing (Roy Rich and Brenda Bruce are the hosts) and equally lucid replies from such people as John Neville of the Old Vic (dealing with a purely domestic matter) and Derek Monsey (considering the dilemma of a critic-turned-dramatist).

J. C. TREWIN

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Illusions of Reality

IBSEN, TENNESSEE WILLIAMS and Eugène Ionesco are a sufficiently assorted trio, but they have something in common. Their plays occasionally run into trouble. Capacity to outrage first-night audiences and critics is not an infallible indication of importance. Any plays that break theatrical and other prevalent conventions are likely to provoke violent reactions. *Avant-garde* ado-



'The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse', on July 7, with (left to right) Bill Owen as 'Oakie', Wilfrid Brambell as 'Badger', Hugh Sinclair as Dr. Clitterhouse, and Jerold Wells as 'Pal'

lescents are apt to admire a play in proportion to the offence it offers to accepted standards. Certainly it is on these disputed frontiers that the most exciting dramatic actions are likely to be fought. Critics, like other chroniclers, must still assess the aim of the attack and the value of the victory, which need not mean, as M. Ionesco fears, that original authors must be confined to categories.

Yet these three singularly dissimilar dramatists have something else in common. They all employ the sort of material which can, in prose playwriting particularly, easily lapse into violent or sentimental melodrama. They all protect themselves, more or less effectively, against such dangers by leavening naturalistic prose with poetic symbolism or licence. This is a sign of something still more important: that the sensation is not there only for sensation's sake.

The theme of Ibsen's 'Ghosts' is not hereditary disease and insanity, in any limited clinical sense; the theme of Tennessee Williams' 'Glass Menagerie' is not only the frustration of a particular crippled girl; and the theme of Eugène Ionesco's 'L'Impromptu de l'Alma' is not merely the deluded dogmatism of drama critics. In all three cases the basic theme, on which these variations are played, is the same: voluntary self-deception, what Ibsen elsewhere called the life-lie, the disastrous consequences of trying to confine the mysterious volatility of life, to reduce the unique individual dilemma to a set of conventional standards and responses.

What it all comes to is that artists are an open conspiracy of fighters for freedom, freedom for each to live his own life and create his own work in his own way, without interference from the establishment. That is why artists always tend to be a scandal to the respectable.

It is perhaps arguable that even now the emotional shock that strikes Mrs. Alving, particularly when the part is played as well as it was last week by Fay Compton, is so strong that it obscures rather than reveals the theme of 'Ghosts'. My only doubt about Val Gielgud's excellent Third Programme production was whether Pastor Manders did not get off more lightly than Ibsen intended. Are we not invited to deride this credulous, cowardly clergyman, this bourgeois Brand whose morality is a whitened sepulchre of corruption?

Ever since a Boston audience shrieked with laughter at his first strong drama, Tennessee Williams seems to have been evolving a method which makes the stage safe for melodrama by admitting its comic side and encouraging the audience to laugh at it. Perhaps this sandwich



The marriage scene from 'Madam Butterfly', on July 4, with David Peck as Lieutenant Pinkerton and Sonya Hana as Madam Butterfly

of sophisticated satire and strong stuff corresponds particularly to the sort of schizophrenia of the tough and the sentimental which seems particularly characteristic of contemporary American consciousness, though not by any means exclusive to it. There is not yet much of this drawing off of derision by invited laughter in Mr. Williams' early play 'The Glass Menagerie' but Frederick Bradnum's compassionate Home Service production might have given us more of the cruel comedy than it did. We were hardly allowed to realise what a grotesque fool the mother makes of herself or how absurdly conceived the 'gentleman-caller' is about the grade he kids himself he will make in the world. But the tragic inheritance, in a true line of theatrical descent, from Mrs. Alving and her doomed son to Amanda and her crippled daughter, was movingly interpreted by Margaret Vines and Jill Bennett.

Ionesco's related technique of drawing off laughter before a calamitous climax, his singular synthesis of the grotesque and the guignolesque for sophisticated audiences, was not much in evidence in the two minor pieces that had their first English performances in the Third Programme last week, in translations and productions by Sasha Moorsom. 'L'Impromptu de l'Alma' is a sort of surrealist sequel to the argument between the drama critics and the dramatist in 'Fanny's First Play'. Ionesco himself is the hero, and the ultimate horror is that he might begin to write like a critic himself. 'The Motor Show' is a nonsense sketch of music-hall length in which a man tries to buy a car, but most of the models are called 'she' so he ends by buying a girl with whom to go places. The whole thing is punctuated with farmyard noises; animal, mechanical and human are somehow interchangeable in this singular case of dramatic dementia of the *double entendre*.

ROY WALKER

THE SPOKEN WORD

Perilous Waves

MR. ARMSTRONG MUST FORGIVE ME if I say that the week was his. Dull would he be of soul who could pass by the sight of Wimbledon on his television for mere words. I should have been re-acquainting myself with the volleys and rallies of *The Waves*, but instead of Louis, signing his name again and again, it was Lew Hoad with his aristocratic range of self-expression, a kind of Montherlant of tennis, to whom I was riveted. In watching tennis, the element of vision is . . . well, not unimportant, yet it is needful to say (to creep reluctantly back to the Number Four Court of this column) that *qua* commentary those on sound each night by Mr. Max Robertson were admirable of their kind, adding very often flashes of insight into what had already been seen.

To broadcast *The Waves* was anyway, even in a non-competitive week (like that in which it was originally done), a perilous undertaking. If you are, as I am, among the book's admirers it is because you believe that you share with the author an understanding of the profundity it continually achieves in spite of its faults, its failure at times to dissassociate itself sufficiently from her: what somehow you do not want to feel is that you are sharing this simultaneously with all the other 0.1 per cent. of the population that regularly listens to the Third Programme. You feel, moreover, that much of the writing achieves with such perfection the effect of a human essence talking aloud to itself, that a real voice saying the words, however discreetly and intelligently, in character will destroy the illusion of solitude and isolationism in company on which the work rests.

Such were the preliminary doubts and pre-

judices which Mr. Louis MacNeice had to face in adapting and producing the book, and at the end of the two hours I felt he had succeeded in overcoming them to a remarkable extent. What the reading brought out were aspects of the book one had either overlooked or forgotten: its humour, for instance, and more continually its superb sense of drama. The dinner before Percival's departure for India, with which the first part of the reading appropriately ended, appears with different voices following each other as a finely built scene of theatrical tension and resolution, but in which there is no dialogue, no direct challenging of one character by another: solely the pattern made by knives and forks, and a six-petalled red carnation. The purely descriptive passages about the sea, especially well read by Robert Mooney, also seemed to be more at one with the rest than in a private reading, though they had been cut down. Only the image of Percival became somewhat blurred, but that may be one of the original's faults.

Virginia Woolf's intention in writing the book was, she said, 'to put practically everything in', but one thing she had to leave out was what it felt like to be writing it (Bernard's literary prowess so heavily insisted on always seems a little awkward). Not for her the French trick of turning a novel into a colloquy between it and the author. Yet there is a remarkable picture of the long, anxious, despairing, intoxicating, rewarding process of writing *The Waves* in the already published part of her journal, *A Writer's Diary*, and it was illuminating to have this extracted and read two evenings before by Miss Jill Balcon. It showed the domineering persistence of genuine inspiration: nothing will o' the wisp about it, it nags and nags and will not be denied. 'One sees a fin passing far out'. This image, occurring towards the end of 1926, seems to have been the first impulse of the work that was at last completed in July 1931; ' . . . heaven be praised, the end of *The Waves*. I wrote the words O Death fifteen minutes ago . . .'; and as Miss Balcon took us gracefully over the four-year assault-course one was able to see that great turning-point, which perhaps occurs in the composition of all artistic works, when the original scheme (that of *The Moths*) is put by in favour of the real scheme. It is not often that radio is presented on a plate with such a fine natural script as these extracts made.

The 'Portrait of Virginia Woolf', which was also rebroadcast during the week, added lively, often frivolous, footnotes. Mr. George Rylands, as the compiler and main speaker, veered it back and forward among her various friends with skilful aplomb, keeping his own end up splendidly. It revealed hardly anything that has not been revealed in a dozen published memoirs already, but there was one delicious bit of Crawfie-ism from a member of the household on the question of hip-baths, and there was also some high-spirited cackling from some members of the Bloomsbury circle with which not even the best high-frequency equipment in the world could be expected to cope adequately. And there was, to end, a memorable extract about the power of words from a broadcast made in 1937 by Virginia Woolf herself.

She died sixteen years ago. What, I wondered, would she have thought of the discussion 'On the Use of Nuclear Weapons in Limited War' between two M.P.s, a former Director of Naval Intelligence and a lecturer in War Studies, broadcast just before her book? It might perhaps have struck her as the fulfilment of the vision of the writer to whom she felt most opposed, H. G. Wells. This exploration of 'a gap in Government policy' showed, I thought, the superiority of sound alone for a broadcast exchange of views which needs to be rational and forceful rather than polemical and oratorical.

ANTHONY CURTIS

MUSIC

From Festival Hall and Cathedral

HAVING REGALED US with a grand display of orchestral fireworks in the previous week, Leopold Stokowski devoted his second programme on June 30 to more sober and substantial music by Schubert and Schumann and Vaughan Williams. Schubert's 'Rosamunde' Overture is, at any time, a delectable work, and it has rarely sounded more so than in this translucent performance. I suggested last week in connection with the performance of Debussy's 'Nocturnes', that the conductor had mislaid his sense of poetry. In the interval, he seems to have recovered it.

Schumann's Second Symphony in C greatly benefited from Stokowski's handling of it. He contrived to make it sound buoyant and far more transparent in texture than one had imagined it could be. 'Laborious, dull, often mediocre in thematic invention, plodding and repetitive' are some of the adjectives hurled at this last (though numbered the second) of Schumann's symphonies, the product of the period of recovery from his first mental breakdown. Stokowski managed to bring out the inherent nobility of thought that Schumann so stodgily expressed, at the same time concealing its halting movement by the sheer vivacity of his rhythm. The slow movement, in particular, shone out as a deeply inspired and poignant expression of melancholy which was purged of morbidity and self-pity by the beauty of sound produced by the orchestra.

The London Symphony Orchestra's string-tone was notably pure and rich, as we could hear again in the slow movement of Vaughan Williams' Eighth Symphony in D minor. Here too is concentrated the finest poetry in a work that is, for the most part, a *bravura* display for orchestra on the lines of such works as Bartók's orchestra 'Concerto' and Hindemith's 'Philharmonic Concerto'—in itself a surprising product from a composer who began life as a somewhat clumsy orchestrator. Regarded in this light as a study in orchestral textures, the symphony is a brilliant success, the thematically insubstantial Toccata justifying itself as an exuberant and jolly exhibition of what can be done with the percussion. Still, the first three movements have more 'to them' than that. In this performance the Scherzo for the wind-band came off splendidly.

In the provinces where suitable concert-halls are often lacking, the Church provides an auditorium which, if not suitable for everything, proved admirable for most of the music broadcast from Chester Cathedral in the Home Service last Tuesday. Vaughan Williams' Tallis Fantasia was, indeed, conceived for such a *milieu*, and bears witness to the fact that half a century ago (think of it!) he was certainly not clumsy in handling a string orchestra. Lennox Berkeley's 'Four Poems of St. Teresa of Avila' also sounded well. The singer, Pamela Bowden, did not quite succeed in conveying their mood of unsophisticated rapture—a mood they share with Gerald Finzi's settings of Traherne. The B.B.C. Northern Orchestra conducted by John Hopkins played well in these works and gave a resounding performance of Elgar's arrangement of Handel's Overture in D minor, which again suited the conditions, as Wagner's 'Siegfried Idyll' somehow failed to do. In the previous week we heard from York Minster the inaugural concert of the Festival conducted by Rudolf Schwarz, whose programme was a model of what such an affair should be—enterprising without being recondite, and varied without losing homogeneity.

Covent Garden had better luck with 'Tosca', which was broadcast on Monday of last week, than with 'Il Trovatore'. Mme. Milanov had

recovered her form and gave an excellent performance full of dramatic point and vocally distinguished. No other soprano of our day is more skilled at floating a high note on the air so that it takes on the character of pure and disembodied sound, and her voice has, too, at need an exciting dramatic edge to it. The trio of principals was completed by two young Italians with splendid voices. Franco Corelli, the tenor, has a singularly attractive voice, even in quality up to his ringing A sharp on the cry of 'Vittoria' and a refined *mezza-voce* for high notes elsewhere. If he was reluctant to let go of

these top notes, he may perhaps be excused on the ground that they were so beautiful. Gian Giacomo Guelfi sang Scarpia's music with splendidly resonant tone, which was pleasant to hear, but with too little subtlety of vocal colour ever to convince one that the man was an odious villain. The resident members of the company contributed good performances in the minor parts and, apart from some poor playing at the opening of the last act, Alexander Gibson secured a vivid performance while maintaining a satisfactory balance between stage and orchestra. The cannon-shots, by the way,

sounded unusually realistic in the broadcast.

On Saturday night Denis Stevens once more brought to our notice the music of Thomas Tomkins, this time in a programme of his secular music for voices and viols performed by the Ambrosian Singers and the In Nomine Players. What a remarkable composer Tomkins was, remarkable both in his conservative adherence to the old polyphonic style in a revolutionary age and in the freshness of his invention that saved him from falling into imitation and stereotyped patterns!

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Humanism and Tonality

HUGH OTTAWAY on the music of Robert Simpson

The first performance of Simpson's Second Symphony will be broadcast at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, July 16 (Third); and his First Symphony from the Promenade Concerts at 9.15 on Friday, August 2

THE glamour of the anarchist and the mystery of the sphinx have begun to pall, and we are faced with the unenviable task of making constructive effort and plain statement appear interesting'. That was written of the *avant-garde* nearly twenty-five years ago, yet there is only one word that dates it—the word 'begun'. Of course, in the age of neo-Webernism, Lambert's *Music Ho!* is not a work to be quoted, unless in scorn; but apart from a certain clarification, epitomised by Stravinsky's adoption of serial methods, the crisis then is the crisis now, and Lambert's indictment has an urgently contemporary ring. Even though the systematic negation of, say, Boulez' 'Structures' may well exceed anything Lambert experienced, the flight from humanism has not taken any really new direction. The development of electronic music has merely provided an extension of means, a new vehicle for the prevailing mood of 'permutational pessimism'.

An important difference, however, is that the situation has become invested with a dreadful sense of normality: musicians tacitly accept it, and our young composers, for want of a real conviction, usually seek some stylish, personal compromise between the remnants of tradition and the extremity of innovation. But the time has passed when a liberal compromise, lacking in principle and at bottom opportunistic, could hope to offer a positive solution.

It is against this background that the music of Robert Simpson (b. 1921) seems both significant and encouraging. Neither *avant-garde* nor opportunist, Simpson's outlook derives its strength from a radical appraisal of the humanist traditions of the past and a 'constructive effort' towards re-creating them in the light of modern experience. This is not an evasive neo-classicism or neo-romanticism but a positive re-engagement, clear-headed and unsentimental. Some, no doubt, will call it reaction; yet an unequivocal return to humanism is the most 'revolutionary' move that a young composer can make today.

As early as the Piano Sonata (1946), one can see Simpson looking towards both Bach and Beethoven, especially the latter, but in a way that is self-possessed, not self-conscious—and, it should be added, without using Brahms as an intermediary. This three-movement Sonata has a blend of seriousness and sheer ebullience that marks it down as a young man's music. Its use of the keyboard is its biggest defect: the long-drawn notes of the *adagio* need the staying power of stringed instruments, and there are passages in the outer movements where the heavy brass might be given employment.

To a lesser degree the other published piano

work, a set of variations on a theme by Haydn, (1848), might be similarly criticised. Clearly, Simpson was exercising his musical limbs with the most serviceable instrument to hand, and it is the nature of the exercise, the musical substance, that really matters. There is abundant life and momentum here, a developed idiom and an impressive hold upon large-scale organisation. The Haydn Variations are rigorously disciplined, in a way that foreshadows the *andante* of the String Quartet No. 1 (1951-52) and the *largo cantabile* of the Symphony No. 2 (1956), and they culminate in a big, inventive finale, splendidly firm in its tonal and rhythmic adventurousness.

Tonal adventurousness! A dynamic conception of tonality is fundamental to Simpson's outlook; it shapes his structures and conditions their content. His feeling for the *long-term effects* of tonal contention is already explicit in the Piano Sonata, especially in the finale, where a struggle between E and C, the respective tonalities of the previous movements, is extensively worked out. Let no one imagine this is merely a thing for the eye. Naturally, the ability to follow the tonal argument on the technical plane will vary from listener to listener, but since the 'struggle' is a vitalising force, central to the whole musical expression, and not a technical trick, it can be felt by anyone accustomed to listening with real attention. This approach to tonality stems ultimately from a study of Beethoven, but it has received an immense stimulus from the music of Nielsen.

It was not until Simpson had planned his First Symphony (1951), in one movement, and had completed two of its three sections that he 'discovered' Nielsen in a performance of the 'Sinfonia espansiva'. There are certainly echoes of Nielsen in the final section of the Symphony, but, what is more revealing, the influence is strikingly anticipated earlier on, especially in parts of the opening section. Moreover, the tonal structure, with its sustained opposition of A and E flat, was evolved before the impact of Nielsen's use of tonality.* In short, Simpson's course was already set; his discovery of Nielsen brought a release of energy, not a change in direction.

The First Symphony is a fine achievement whose powerfully original design holds firm, despite certain impurities of style. The working out of its three-part scheme—conflict, consideration, resolution—is striking evidence of the composer's ability not only to think symphonically but to rejuvenate the form as a vehicle for humanist expression. The opening conflict, embedded in a series of irreconcilable, alternating blocks, establishes the basic tonal

clash and lands the music in E flat. For all its acceptance of the new key, the middle section, the equivalent of a slow movement, is neither a submission nor an escape. This consideration is soberly contrapuntal and prepares the way for a resolution in which A is restored and the various motives, whose former relationships were often violent and contradictory, are drawn together in a single bounding line. These bare bones can give no idea of the close thematic structure, or of the detail in which the tonal opposition is followed through. Fortunately the work has been recorded, for there could not be a better introduction to Simpson's musical thought.

The three string quartets, dating from 1951-54, were not planned as a group, but in their expression they seem to fall into a natural sequence. No. 1, which takes its starting point from the middle section of the Symphony, resumes the opposition of E flat and A but is far from being a mere re-working of the old ground. Both here and in No. 3 the influence of Nielsen is reflected in the use of 'progressive tonality'. In all three works the interplay of purposeful counterpoint and equally purposeful tonal thinking produces an active sense of movement, at once spontaneous and firmly controlled, that is rare in music today. This cannot be attributed simply to technique, to sheer musicality and feeling for the medium. The technique is animated, giving meaning, by the composer's outlook and grip on experience, which reaches the listener as strength of style.

The extraordinary maturity of these quartets is the immediate background to the Second Symphony, completed last year. This is scored for a Beethoven orchestra—double woodwind, two horns, two trumpets, timpani and strings—and its three movements are unified by their tonal scheme. The opening *allegro grazioso*, a latent sonata design, treats B minor as a region of melancholy: efforts to break away bring climaxes in B major, E flat and G, but the minor key persists and the movement ends as it began. In the finale, a 2/4 *allegro* of tremendous energy, a similar chain of keys—B, E flat, G, B (always major)—dominates a clearly defined sonata structure. The intervening *largo* is a set of continuous variations, symmetrical in shape and sombre in mood. The tonality shifts repeatedly between E flat and G, thus reflecting the music's neutrality in relation to the outer movements: the struggle of the first is abandoned, the onset of the third unglimped. Once again the long-term effects of tonality are central to the whole expression and the vitality of Simpson's 'constructive effort' is powerfully reaffirmed.

* Despite the verdict of Arthur Jacobs—see THE LISTENER, May 16, 1957—A and E flat are literally at opposite points in the cycle of keys.—H.O.

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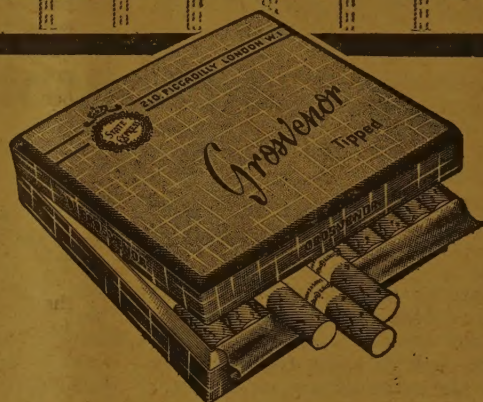
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

RED- AND BLACK-CURRENT JAM

BLACKCURRANTS we all know make excellent jam, and as a jam I think it is one of the most satisfying to make because it sets so easily and you get so much of it from a boiling. You might like to try mixing red and blackcurrants in the proportion of 5 lb. of red to 4 lb. of black with 5 lb. of sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of water. You cook the redcurrants first in the water—5 lb. of redcurrants and $\frac{1}{2}$ a pint of water. Then strain them through a sieve fine enough to keep back the seeds and cook the juice with the 4 lb. of blackcurrants and the 5 lb. of sugar in the usual way. It makes a less solid jam than blackcurrants alone and the reds seem to bring out the flavour as well. Another variation for blackcurrant jam is to use Demerara sugar instead of granulated or lump. You should be able to get about 15 lb. of jam out of 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of blackcurrants, 9 lb. of Demerara and 3 pints of water.

BARBARA BREW

GOOSEBERRY FOOL

This is a good summer sweet and as easy to make as it is good. It is simply a puree of gooseberries mixed with whipped cream, or a good boiled egg custard, or a mixture of both.

Do not dissipate the good flavour of the gooseberries by cooking them in a bath of water. I never add any water at all. I put the gooseberries and some sugar in a fireproof glass casserole and let them cook very slowly until soft. Then pass them through a hair sieve. Taste the puree for sweetness, adding more sugar if necessary, and when it is cold mix in the custard or whipped cream. A word about the custard: to have it satin smooth put the milk in a double pan. Whisk your eggs, 2 to a pint of milk, add 2 tablespoons of sugar, and when the milk is so hot that bubbles appear on the surface, pour it on to the eggs, stir well, and return to the pan.

Continue stirring over the boiling water and when it shows the first sign of thickening remove it at once, remembering that eggs continue cooking in their own heat when removed from the fire. Only by this careful watching can you get that smoothness which makes for perfection. It is a matter of taste whether you add custard or whipped cream, or a mixture of both. You will find that adding about half the quantity of custard or whipped cream to that of gooseberries makes a delightful fool, and remember, too, that serving it very cold adds considerably to its attractiveness.

ANN HARDY

MAKING MAYONNAISE

Mayonnaise is a sauce, thickened by the emulsification of oil and egg yolks, and the success or failure depends almost entirely on the starting of the emulsification. I say almost, because obviously the ingredients must be right—the eggs fresh and the olive oil in good condition, not solidified as sometimes happens in cold weather. You can mix in the oil with a wooden spoon or an egg whisk.

The basic recipe is simple—2 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ of a pint of olive oil, a tablespoon of vinegar, seasoning, and I always add some cream, too. Whisk the yolks and begin adding the oil drop by drop—you cannot be too careful about this. When the mixture starts thickening then it is safe to be more venturesome and you can add a trickle of oil, whisking continuously. But remember, in adding the oil it is best to err on the side of caution. When all the oil is incorporated add the seasoning. I find the easiest way is to mix this separately in a cup—about $\frac{1}{2}$ a teaspoon of salt, a small teaspoon of dry mustard, freshly ground pepper, a little sugar, and a tablespoon of vinegar. I vary the type of vinegar to give variety, sometimes mixing a little garlic or tarragon and a teaspoon of Chilli vinegar to

sharpen it up. I stir this seasoning into the sauce and, for myself, I add 2 tablespoons of thick cream, as I think it improves the flavour. By the way, should the worst happen and your oil and egg mixture curdles through adding the oil too quickly, try this excellent French method of remedying it. Put a tablespoon of boiling water in a basin and add the curdled sauce drop by drop to it, whisking continuously. You will find this will put it right.

ANN HARDY

Notes on Contributors

DAVID FLOYD (page 40): *Daily Telegraph* special correspondent on communist affairs

BASIL DAVIDSON (page 42): on the editorial staff of the *Daily Herald*; formerly on the staff of *The New Statesman and Nation* and *The Times*; author of *The African Awakening*, *Daybreak in China*, etc.

V. K. R. V. RAO (page 43): Dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences and Professor of Economics, Delhi University

DONALD DAVIE (page 47): Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and Lecturer in English Language and Literature; author of *Purity of Diction in English Verse*, etc.

LADY HARDINGE OF PENSHURST (page 49): daughter of the late Lord Edward Cecil and Viscountess Milner

MARGARET MILES (page 52): Headmistress of Mayfield School, Putney

GLANVILLE WILLIAMS, LL.D. (page 63): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Jesus College since 1955; Reader in English Law and successively Professor of Public Law and Quain Professor of Jurisprudence, London University, 1945-55; author of *The Sanctity of Life and the Criminal Law*, *The Proof of Guilt*, etc.

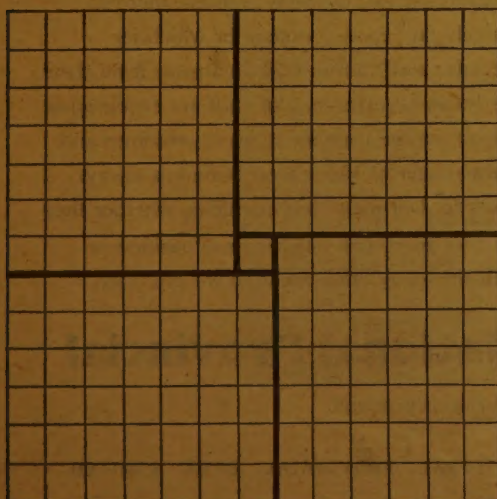
Crossword No. 1,415

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By Simmo

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Lights across and the first and last lights down in each section are to be entered normally; other lights down are 'at sixes and sevens'. The letter enclosed in the central square is used by each of the four contiguous lights which are clued under 'sevens'.

CLUES—6s

Bad sneeze needs recipe—pure air
Being concerned with stock, he is debtor throughout
Concourse of two
Connect a disjointed skip-jack beetle
Corslet requiring a special reduction of calories
Denoting precise position in teaching is characteristic of a strap
Devise by way of escape
Do well, although split at end of growth
Every second is just the same having fed
Florid expression of a singer
In which the meaning is more than obscure
Old actor frets badly in translation of final honour
Old municipal officer had to go in disguise
Promotion means another dish at mealtimes
Pseudo supporter requires only half an introduction
Quotients are shown by dividing one expression by another
Robbery with violence makes one gorge
Services have an awkward time in notorious bodyguard
She changed to a star
The second letter holds trouble for receiver of goods
Troops' stew in a mess gets the bird
Uneasy feeling of cricketer after end of test
Where a broken horse follows a word of familiar address
Without a head a haircut is disposed to be a stinger

CLUES—7s

A club by the river gives evidence of stag's progress
A cold wind over Texas mostly afflicts the seat
A medico in private hospital indicates woody tissue

An elm or other trees could be so described
A small number, nothing more, father's odd teeth
A spur for a straw hat?
A taller representative of the side
Being exhilarated by liquor mostly spoils the dance
By the early part of evening wretched pests cause blister
Document of authority concerning the moon in a way
Erected an odd figure in the road
Footslogger, but not by the sound of it
Giver of relief has to learn somehow about the doctor
His job includes giving an eye to the sewer
Item of canine inventory?
Music in unrestricted tempo?
One American to another apparently growls about freedom
One person's ration left a small particle
Ordinary batsman has one when he's out
Periodical which is not vulgar to look at for a change
Renovation, in part, was minor triumph in ancient Rome
Road user who drove erratically in backward spin
Secret book substitute
The colour has just changed and learner bisects a copper
Three directions with one repeated are to catch
Understatement gives false impression about anything retrieved from dust-bin
Where speed variation about the strait might win recognition
With a pirate the odds are against a ship

Solution of No. 1,413

PARALLELOGRAMS
ISLAND PRIDE MEN
VERTICAL MILVINE
EUREKA IN PAGESTE
ROAD ERIGAMUSEL
TOIL IN COHERENTU
ENDURE TORTURERS
DYACHTOBI RAYAT
AMOKOREMISESHY
CORYMBATRACKSEW
HUIA BLUENOSEDE
ASSISIORDDLERS
TITS SQUAREALLOS
EMULOUSISTIERNE
SPEEDITESTIANEX

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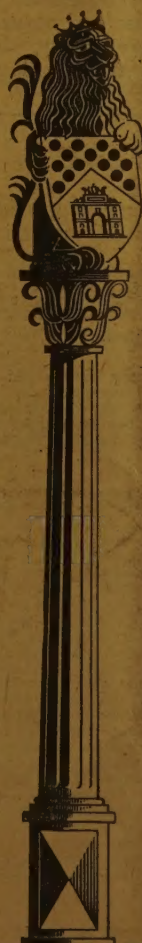
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Head Office: 15 Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2

Principal Overseas Branch: 1 Princes Street, London, E.C.2

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